

The American
LEGION
M O N T H L Y

OCTOBER 1932

25 CENTS



HENRY FORD · RUPERT HUGHES · PETER B. KYNE

Behind the Goalpost..or on the 50-yard Line?



JUST as you get more enjoyment from a football game when you have good seats—so you get more pleasure and more value from your car when you use Ethyl Gasoline. Ethyl develops *all* the extra performance of your motor. It doesn't call time out for warming up on cold mornings or overheating on long drives. It's the all-season, all-round, all-American gasoline.

Gasoline... or Ethyl?



© E. G. C. 1932

Buy **ETHYL GASOLINE**

ETHYL

makes the

DIFFERENCE

LEADING oil refiners add Ethyl fluid to their *good* gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. Inside the engine of your car the Ethyl fluid *controls* combustion. It makes gasoline deliver *more* power and *less* harmful, wasteful heat. That is why Ethyl makes your car run at its best every minute and at the *same* time saves money on engine wear-and-tear.



THE NEW higher standard of quality—adopted by every oil company that sells Ethyl Gasoline—makes it an even greater value than before. It widens still further Ethyl's margin of superiority over regular gasoline.



FREEZING MORNINGS demand Ethyl's quick-starting power. Ethyl is the correct winter fuel—the correct fuel for *every* season of the year because the gasoline with which Ethyl fluid is mixed is specially refined to fit the weather in which it will be used.



GASOLINE that is to be mixed with Ethyl must pass tests for all the qualities of *good* gasoline. Then Ethyl fluid is added in prescribed quantity to make that gasoline deliver its power smoothly—evenly—safely—bringing out the best performance of your motor. After the finished Ethyl Gasoline is released for sale, samples are collected daily from pumps in all parts of the country.



YOU ARE ALWAYS getting the right motor fuel for your car when you stop at the pump that bears this Ethyl emblem. You're sure of value for your gasoline money when you buy Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City. Ethyl fluid contains lead.



Why owners of the BRITANNICA say: "It's the best investment I've ever made!"

BBRITANNICA owners tell us that the Britannica is the best investment they ever made. Using the Britannica daily, they are convinced that this is so.

Not only in entertainment and in practical usefulness, but often in actual "dollars and cents" value, the Britannica pays for itself over and over again.

Every time the Britannica is consulted, it offers authoritative information—and unless you are informed, these days, you are handicapped.

Do your children ask questions, too?

A mother says she realizes her helplessness and inadequacy as a parent most of all when her child asks her questions about school work. "I ought to be able to help but I can't," the mother says. "There is no reference library near our home—and besides, very often, it isn't possible to rush off to the library whenever a question needs to be answered.

"I am buying the Britannica because it seems the only way to meet what is to me a difficult and embarrassing situation." The Britannica, for

this woman and her child, has been an investment of no uncertain advantage.

It will help you in many unexpected ways

Other owners tell similar stories: How a camping party was equipped under the advice of the Britannica; how a lawyer won his case because of certain data quickly found in the Britannica; how inexperienced settlers in the Carolinian hills made themselves comfortable by first consulting the Britannica.

In these and thousands of other instances people write us that the Britannica is the best investment they ever made.

The range of the Britannica's usefulness to men, women and children is limitless. No subject under the sun is neglected by the 3,500 authorities who contributed.

How to use your credit profitably—\$5 down and \$5 a month

If it is not convenient for you to pay cash in full for the books, why not use your credit and take advantage of the

installment plan of buying? There is never a better time to buy the Britannica than now.

Considering its size and authority and the beauty of its text and illustration, the Britannica is the least expensive encyclopaedia you can buy. How long, however, conditions will permit us to maintain this low price is a difficult question. No one knows.

Consequently we advise you to buy immediately—under the easy payment plan if you wish—which allows you a legitimate use of your credit. As little as \$5 down brings the set to you, and \$5 a month over a short period enables you to have the immediate use of this highly useful set of books.

Send the coupon today. A booklet by return mail gives you complete details of the Britannica, the easy thrift plan and the low prices.

Richard M. Baker, Kent, Conn.

"It is the best investment in books I ever made. A public library in the home, and a lifetime of reading with pleasure and achievement combined."

Frank Oberst, Forestdale, N. Y.

"I believe this to be the most profitable investment any home could make."

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

"One of the first things we must have for ourselves as well as our children is some kind of general reference library, and I find that the Encyclopaedia Britannica fills this need admirably."

Send For Free Booklet

Learn more about the new Britannica today. Fill out the coupon and drop it in the mail. We will send you by return mail a large booklet free, rich in color plates, maps and sample pages, and containing a full description of the 24 volumes of the Britannica, its 3,500 contributors, the 15,000 illustrations, many in color, and its 500 maps. You will learn about the low prices. Mail the coupon now. No obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, INC.

342 Madison Ave., New York City

2-A.-L.-D-1

Please send me, by return mail, without obligation, your new illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the latest Britannica, together with low price offer representing a saving of many dollars.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



FREE

SEND FOR FREE NEW BOOKLET TODAY

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

OCTOBER, 1932

VOL. 13, No. 4



The American LEGION MONTHLY



Published Monthly by The Legion Publishing Corporation, 455 West 22d Street, Chicago, Illinois

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
521 Fifth Avenue, New York

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
Indianapolis, Indiana

WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE
307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Editorial and Advertising Correspondence Should be Addressed
to the New York Offices, All Other Mail to Indianapolis

| | | |
|---|--|----|
| COVER DESIGN: THE HARVEST | by Harvey Dunn | |
| THE ROAD TO MONTEREY | by Lew Allen | 4 |
| THE IDEA BEHIND GREENFIELD | Henry Ford, as told to Arthur Van Vliissingen, Jr. | 7 |
| | Sketches by William R. Nevinger | |
| SMASH! BUT THAT'S ONLY THE FIRST ACT | by Herbert F. Goodrich | 10 |
| THE FALSE EQUATION: NO ARMY EQUALS NO WAR | by Rupert Hughes | 12 |
| | Illustration by Herbert M. Stoops | |
| BLANKVILLE SEES IT THROUGH | by Marquis James | 14 |
| | Illustration by Forrest C. Crooks | |
| CONCERNING TILLIE | by Peter B. Kyne | 16 |
| | Illustrations by H. M. Bonnell | |
| WHO'LL BEAT CALIFORNIA?: Camera Contest for Legionnaires | | 20 |
| I NOW PASS THE GAVEL | by Henry L. Stevens, National Commander | 22 |
| THE DAY OF THE BOMBER | by F. Trubee Davison | 24 |
| BOXING COMES OF AGE | by Thomas F. Donohue | 26 |
| | Linoleum block by Lowell L. Balcom | |
| POTABLE POTTAGE | by Wallgren | 28 |
| EASY ON THE INITIALS, PLEASE | by The Old Timer | 29 |
| WINTER RATIONS | by Philip Von Blon | 30 |
| DOWN AT SEA IN FLAMES—AND THEN? | by The Company Clerk | 34 |
| CHANGES AFFECT STATE PROVISIONS IN RIGHTS AND BENEFITS DIGEST | | 60 |

KEEP THE FRONT LINE FILLED

THE American Legion must enrol its membership for 1933 earlier and more rapidly than in any preceding year. It must find its regiments unbroken next December, January and February when it goes into battle against the strongest force which has ever been arrayed to oppose the World War service man. When Congress convenes in December, the battle will begin. In the name of governmental economy, the World War veteran's foe will strike indiscriminately at every right which Congress has given the service man. The American Legion must meet the onslaught with its own full strength. Every 1933 member signed up in October and November will have his needed place on the firing line.

The AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1932, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Entered as second class matter, Sept. 26, 1931, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. General Manager, James F. Barton; Editor, John T. Winterich; Managing Editor, Philip Von Blon; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll; Advertising Manager, B. L. Dombrowski; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents, yearly subscription in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50.

In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new



You can count on
FLORSHEIMS

DON'T be misled
by cheapness... know
the shoe you buy...
look for the name
FLORSHEIM... it
means so much...
it identifies shoes that
are quality made and
trustworthy.

The Princeton *Style M-438*

\$8 *most*
styles

The **FLORSHEIM** *Shoe*

The ROAD to MONTEREY

By Lew Allen

Modern Engineering Carries On Where
The Vaquero Had To Leave Off

FOR three hundred years the road south to Monterey in old Mexico was little more than a mere trail. From the north the gay caballero and his cavalcade of vaqueros had a choice of routes converging on one which had attained the dignity of a wagon road. To the south in the mountains conditions were different, and a worn, narrow passageway often skirted dizzy heights in serving the pack train of ore-laden burros, or the hardy Indian peon perforce picked his own path.

Then came the iron horse, affecting but little the secluded inhabitants of the deeply buried little villages of the interior. Now a paved highway which brings to their tiny settlements, primitive and unchanged through the years, not only the mad gringos of the north in their rumbling chariots, but almost equally strange people from farther-off provinces of Mexico has sprung into being.

Mexico's great highway project, a link in the Pan-American Highway which will eventually join the Americas, started in 1926 and is now nearing completion. Its construction has involved solving rare engineering problems, and it offers new thrills and experiences in motoring.

From the Legion's convention city of 1928—San Antonio, Texas—by way of the inland port of Laredo, the highway leads into Mexico City, making accessible for the first time the primitive plateau region of Mexico's interior. Linking, as it does, a metropolis of the once none-too-popular Colossus of the North with the Mexican seat of government, the great highway augurs well for the continuation of the good feeling existing between the two republics and for the mutual confidence which now prevails.

Designed partly to attract tourists from the United States, this two thousand kilometer stretch of road opens new scenic wonders to the enterprising motorist. Mexican federal engineers have overcome tremendous engineering difficulties. For miles and miles the roadway is blasted out of solid mountain rock and winds for great distances at perilous heights, the sheer drop from the edge of the road to the canyons below at one place being over 2600 feet.

For nearly a year motorists of the Southwest and those taking the southern trans-continental route have been able to enjoy the trip to Monterey over an un-

One reason why the Highway of Good Will had to wait something like three hundred years to become an actuality

broken paved highway, stretching out 148 miles from the border at Laredo. This offers something unique to most automobile tourists because the first ninety miles comprise a straight, level run with hardly any traffic, no speed limits, and that long-awaited chance to see if the car will really do what (Continued on page 52)



*"And that makes the thing
more binding"*



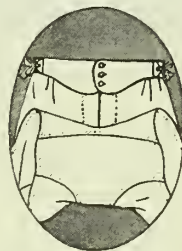
Arrow Undershirts give you full chest coverage. They fit snugly—permanently!



Look! The buttons are all on the waistband—none on the fly. The fly closes comfortably and automatically.



Clever! Not a single seam in the crotch to pull and cut into you!



That center seam is the culprit! That's the thing that makes underwear try to cut you in two. That's the thing that makes underwear bind and pull and plague you until you wish it had never been invented! But Arrow has put the seam where it can't dissect you and make you miserable.

Arrow has perfected and patented the seamless crotch. There is no seam running from the front of the crotch to the back to make you wish someone would play the National Anthem and give you an excuse for standing up.

Arrow Shorts give you plenty of seat and leg room. When you sit down the shorts conform to your body. You can sit all day without fidgeting, squirming, or adjusting.

Arrow has done more than declare an armistice between the human form and its underwear. Arrow, by Sanforizing its shorts, has made peace permanent—they will not shrink. This Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—guarantees permanent fit for the life of the garment.

Arrow Undershirts are made of soft spun cotton that is especially absorbent and elastic. And they introduce a neck that is better because of improved stitching which will not break or pull out.

When you buy underwear ask for Arrow—and insist upon seeing the Arrow label. Once you experience Arrow comfort you'll never go back to the torture of the old-fashioned kind!

© 1932, CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, NEW YORK

*Arrow shorts
and undershirts
Stride 50¢
a garment*

Sprinter 75¢ Crew \$1.00

ARROW UNDERWEAR

Perfect fit guaranteed

Now GEM makes both



It balks at no beard. The latest and greatest Gem Razor—for single- and double-edged blades—compels you to shave with a sliding, barber stroke. That's because it works on the level and not at a curve, and uses rigid instead of bent blades. There are \$660,000 worth of new features in the perfected Gem Micromatic Razor, and there's 50% more service in the new Gem Doubledge Blade.

A thicker blade, with a deep, wedge-edge that paper-thin steel can't take or hold. A numbered blade so you can't forget which edge you last used.

Gem Blades are surgical steel because surgical instruments must be prepared to meet any emergency, and Gem Blades must be prepared to meet any beard. Surgical steel is better steel, tougher steel—steel that dares not have a flaw.

A lighter blade would wear away under the 4,840 separate stroppings that every Gem Blade receives.

But this supreme keenness couldn't be delivered to your face without Gem's dual-alignment, which automatically adjusts the blade with a precision that delights the tenderest skin and the roughest stubble.

The Gem Singledge Blade fits any Gem

frame, no matter when purchased.

The Gem Doubledge Blade can only be used with the Gem Micromatic Razor, which protectively covers and keeps one edge in reserve until the other edge has exhausted its keenness.

A handier, heavier and handsomer razor. All in one piece—with no removable parts. Opens with a simple twist, slides the blade into place, and clamps it fast with another turn.

The correct shaving slant is built in the bevel-top frame which brings the beard upstanding at a right angle, and reaches every cleft and cranny of the face.

Why bother with an obsolete, clumsy type of razor and flexible blade uncertainty? Switch to the double-duty Gem and dependable blades. They make good, not apologies.



© G.S.R.C., 1932

free

Gem Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. ALL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I'm willing to treat my beard to comfort at your expense. Mail me my FREE Gem Doubledge Blade.

PRINT NAME.....

PRINT ADDRESS.....

The IDEA Behind GREENFIELD

Henry Ford



As told to
Arthur Van Vliissingen, Jr.

LET us suppose that you have come to Dearborn, Michigan, and have arranged in advance to visit Greenfield Village—what most people refer to as Henry Ford's Early American Village. At the appointed time you park your automobile by the curb outside one of the gates and enter.

With an old-time flourish, a horse-drawn surrey or buggy or hack drives up—the sort that used to meet all trains in any American small town in your youth, if you are now over thirty-five. The man on the front seat reminds you of Clint Jackson or Dave Miller or whoever held the glamorous job of hack-driver in those days. You climb in, the reins slap on the horses' backs, and away you go over an old-fashioned narrow gravel road bordered by grass and weeds. Dust rises behind you, and pleasant memories of the days when this was ordinary experience involuntarily bring to your face a slightly wistful smile.

Peering around the front seat—you had forgotten how poor was the passenger's view of the road ahead—you see approaching a pleasant village with the principal buildings facing a common, or village green. Far ahead you recognize a brick colonial church. Off to the right is the white frame town hall, identified by its Grecian portico. To your left you see an hospitable inn with white pillars and second-floor gallery. Elsewhere you spy a country store, a schoolhouse, a combined drug store and fire station and postoffice, other landmarks unmistakable to anybody who knew small-town life in the United States as it was almost until the turn of the twentieth century. Your conveyance pulls up before the inn, and you dismount for your foot tour of Greenfield Village.

What it all means to Henry Ford he makes clear in the following article.

....

AS A people we know a little about antiques, but hardly anything about the life of that earlier America which produced them. If we ever look back to the days before our nation became industrialized, we do it in a rather

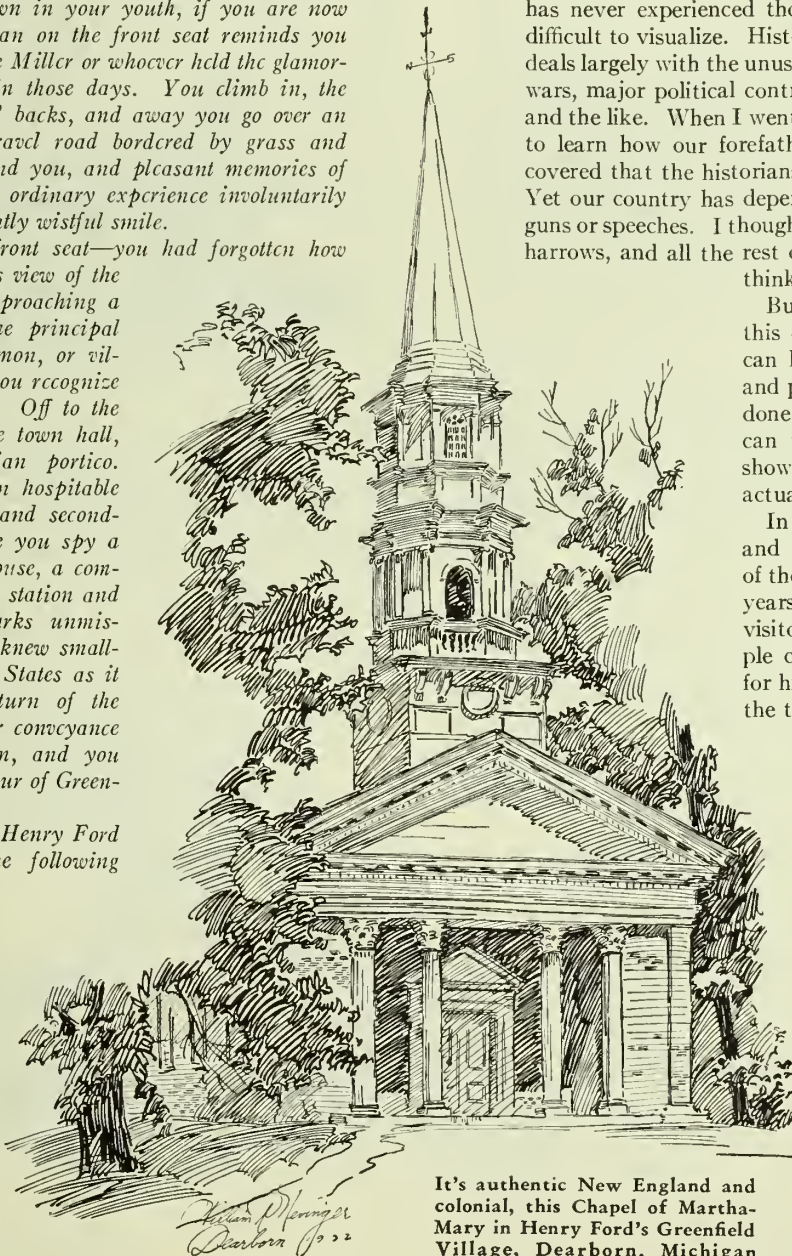
condescending fashion. We are inclined to believe that today's ways are the best ways as yet discovered, that what went before was discarded because the new ways demonstrated their unquestionable superiority. In short, until recently at least, we were pretty self-satisfied with ourselves and our manner of living.

We must not lose sight of the real values of that older life in the earlier days of our country. For a generation which has never experienced those days, their true values are difficult to visualize. History as it is taught in the schools deals largely with the unusual phases of our national life—wars, major political controversies, territorial extensions, and the like. When I went to our American history books to learn how our forefathers harrowed the land, I discovered that the historians knew nothing about harrows. Yet our country has depended more on harrows than on guns or speeches. I thought that a history which excluded harrows, and all the rest of daily life, was bunk. And I think so yet.

But how are we going to show this daily life of our forebears? It can hardly be done through books and pictures. I thought it might be done by assembling an early American village here at Dearborn and showing the early crafts as they were actually used day by day.

In Greenfield Village one may see, and to some extent share, the life of those days of fifty or one hundred years ago. Even the unimaginative visitor can reconstruct how the people cooked their meals, he can see for himself the rope-spring beds and the trundle beds on which they and

their children slept, he can see their method of using the candle molds with which they made their evenings less completely dark. In the old-time workshops and stores he can see the methods by which goods were manufactured and the quality of the merchandise that resulted. In short, he can see for himself the beginnings of the industrial development which has brought us to the present day. All we are trying to do is to preserve this for the coming generations by gathering in one typical village these genuine struc-



It's authentic New England and colonial, this Chapel of Martha-Mary in Henry Ford's Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan

Flavor of an almost vanished America—grocery store of the fifties and century-old inn



tures of older days, furnished with the actual equipment of the times.

There is no use suggesting that we go back to the method of living disclosed in Greenfield Village. It looks romantic, but we have become too much accustomed to too many refinements ever to be comfortable in the same conditions our fathers had. Greenfield Village has no hope of setting the clock back two hundred years. But neither is its purpose mere entertainment. I have not spent twenty-five years making these collections simply to bring a homesick tear to sentimental eyes, nor to serve as a drab contrast against which we may really appreciate the superior way we live today. Its purpose is serious, not sentimental. It is intended to show by actual example how our people lived when they were building toward today's standards of living. It is intended to open the eyes of the more thoughtful visitor to some of the values that have been lost in the process of our material advancement. And it is hoped that thereby it may help us regain what we have lost, without taking away an iota of the gains we have meanwhile obtained.

For we are in grave danger of losing something that American life cannot safely do without. Unless we take care, we shall lose forever some of the most valuable of the qualities which made this nation what it is. These are the national characteristics that built a standard of living which even after three years of depression is higher than has ever been attained elsewhere even at the peak of a boom. This high standard of living results from the large supply of usable goods produced by the nation's farms and mines and factories. It is the direct consequence of our intensive industrialization.

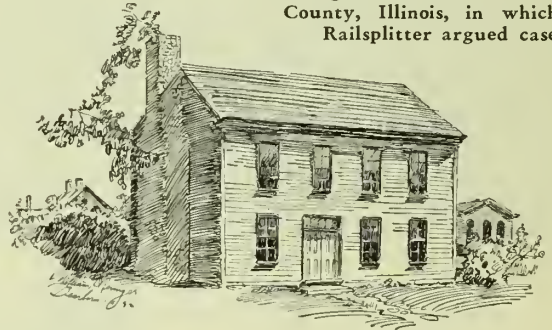
But intensive industrialization, as we are seeing everywhere today, is no protection against the pressure of economic change and the dislocations that attend it. Now in the earlier days of the United States, such violent fluctuations as we see today in the circumstances of the general population, were not possible. To be sure, they had their panics and their depressions, but life was for the great majority of people on a basis quite different from ours. The old-timers, even though they worked in factories, were closer to the soil. The materials they worked with were closer to the soil. These men looked to themselves for a means of livelihood, rather than to an employer. And when, as sometimes happened, the factories shut down or laid off hands, the factory workers were for the most part well able to fend for themselves.

A look at our nineteenth century village helps to show us how and why this was so. It is a small geographical unit, and even when it is eventually completed, with perhaps four times as many buildings as it now has, it will still be a small town. Fifty or sixty years ago a great majority of the American people lived either on farms or in towns as small as this. Another large percentage lived in somewhat larger towns which were much like Greenfield Village except that they covered more acreage and supported some types of business and industry which could not be made to pay in the smaller communities.

Industry was on a smaller scale, as we see when we leave the public square and wander through the back streets of our early American village. We find, for instance, a grist mill actually grinding wheat and corn by the old stone burr process. Two or three men are a complete force for this mill, which has sufficient capacity to provide the domestic requirements of a population such as would normally be found within several miles of a town the size of Greenfield Village. In fact, when this very mill was operated in this self-same frame building on the Michigan stream where it was originally erected a hundred years ago, it served just such a population. Today, operating by steam power instead of by its original water wheel, it is producing flour and corn meal so good that in our employes' store they sell at a premium over patent flours and meals. Moreover, remarkable as it may seem, the mill is today self-supporting. Just as rapidly as we can restore an old factory to productivity, it becomes self-supporting.

In another neighborhood of the village we find a machine shop erected about seventy years ago in a Michigan town to supply the needs of sawmills. It employed perhaps twenty workmen when running to capacity. Nearby is a typical steam engine manufac-

A Lincoln shrine in Greenfield Village: Courthouse of Logan County, Illinois, in which the Railsplitter argued cases



turing plant of fifty years ago, moved here from Providence, Rhode Island. It could never at its busiest have required more than fifty employes, which makes it the largest industry in Greenfield Village. From a New Hampshire town comes one of this country's earlier small shoe factories using machinery. Shoe leather was here cut into parts and the parts sent out to farmers for hand assembling.

Another industry is a carding mill, with three hand looms. It was erected near Plymouth, Michigan, about one hundred years ago, and as a boy I often visited it when my father sold his wool. The first silk mill in America, originally built in Connecticut, is also here. A sawmill is in operation, built about ninety years ago. Not far distant is a glass works which requires four employes. Like all of these plants, as rapidly as we can accomplish



From Edison's Menlo Park, New Jersey, came this house, the first ever lighted by electricity

Village Inn of Clinton, Michigan, observing its hundredth anniversary amid new scenes



Sketches by
William R. Nevinger

factories in small towns not far from our main plants. These units are operated to combine the advantage of city wages with the advantages of village life and on the assumption that the workers will keep one foot in industry and the other on the soil. During the growing season they are free to work the earth, to grow crops in field and garden. Outside the growing season, they work in our factories. But—and here is the important point—if adverse business conditions decrease their factory earnings or temporarily suspend them altogether, they can still live by their own efforts. These men are not subject to the city

it, its equipment has been restored to running order, it is in actual operation. Part of its present duty is to turn out glass to replace original glass missing from the Village buildings and their equipment as they are erected and restored. It also manufactures a great deal of fine scientific glassware for use in our laboratories—at reasonable cost.

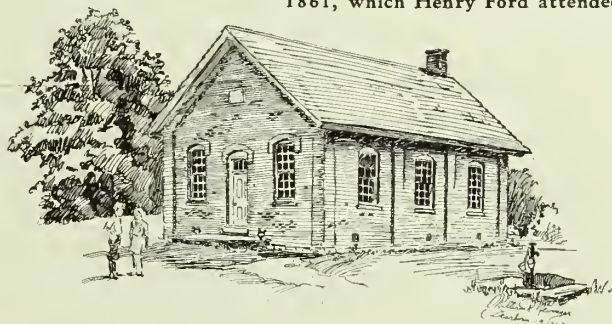
In the small towns of the past century which Greenfield Village typifies, the factory hands did not live in apartments nor on twenty-five-foot lots. Their cottages were on larger plots of ground, they all had gardens and chickens, many of them kept cows or sheep or hogs. In seasonal industries the workmen followed other occupations during the dull months. Many of them had small farms of their own, or they worked on other people's farms. They all had side-lines. Perhaps they were loggers in winter and factory hands in summer. Somehow they kept themselves profitably occupied the year around. Industrial employment was to them in much the same position as a cash crop to the farmer who uses most of his produce for the subsistence of his family and livestock. Their wages paid for those few necessities and luxuries which they were unable to produce for themselves.

Such a mode of living has not been made impossible by the industrialization of our country. It only seems so because industry has tended to centralize manufacturing plants in large cities, so that people have moved to town to earn factory wages. Uproot a man from the soil, move him into a great city, and he becomes wholly dependent upon others. He can earn a living in the city only when someone gives him a job at which he can earn wages. When general business conditions throw him out of a job, he is practically helpless. So he naturally gravitates to charity. He is used to depending on others for his living, he has lost his self-dependence. That is, he has lost one of the strong elements

workman's ever-present anxiety about a continuous job and uninterrupted wages.

Some of these decentralized plants employ only a handful of men. Others have payrolls of three hundred. As good an example as any is a tiny plant where less than a dozen men manufacture all our requirements of a certain kind of tap, a tool used in thread-cutting. This is an ideal product for this procedure, since it involves a small amount of raw material and a large

The Michigan village school, built in 1861, which Henry Ford attended



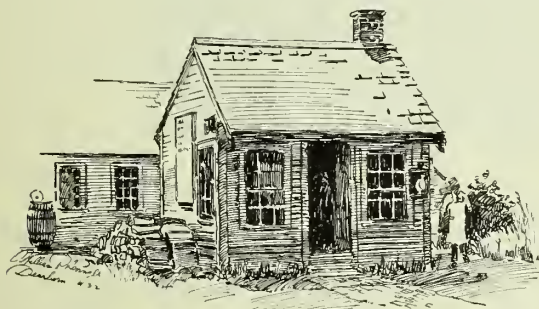
amount of labor. Trucking the material to the plant and hauling away the finished product is simple, inexpensive. It is more than made up by the low overhead expense to us of running this little factory.

Our tiny tap shop is in size just the sort of industry typical of the factories in Greenfield Village. It is more efficient, hence more profitable to us, than if it were tucked away in a corner of one of our huge plants. And the men who work in it have the advantages of rural life coupled with the advantage of modern industrial wages.

Now the big point at present is that amongst the employees in the village industries there is no destitution. They have a double security—the shop and the land. The city dweller has only the shop.

Eventually, I am convinced, we and other large manufacturers must come to decentralization. We shall concentrate our heavy operations involving comparatively inexpensive materials in our large plants—iron and steel making, cement manufacture, and so on. Our smaller, more highly fabricated products will be made in the small towns and villages. Our people will spread out into spacious and healthful surroundings. Then a large share of the factory workers of the nation will enjoy a measure of security which they knew in the days of an earlier United States, a security which they have since lost as they have moved into the cities and lost their direct contact with the soil.

If you doubt this security which comes from tilling the earth, let me remind you how many of the city unemployed have moved themselves and their families back to their parents' farms. Here in Detroit, they tell me, the "farms for sale" advertisements have practically disappeared, while the "farms wanted" advertisements have greatly increased. Even with farm products selling too low and farm taxes oppressively high, the good earth does her part and there are always sixty loaves (Continued on page 50)



A one-man shoe factory—the keeper of this toll house on the banks of the Merrimack in Massachusetts doubled as a cobbler

of character which built our nation. Our first national wealth is men. It behooves us to consider what progress does to our people. Most of our evils are due to hasty greed, and most of our social distress is caused by our softness in depending on the fruits of greed.

In our own business we have found it entirely possible to work along lines quite different from those usually thought necessary by industry. To be sure, we have not carried this policy to anywhere near the point to which I am convinced we shall eventually carry it. But we have for a long while had a number of small

SMASH!

But That's Only the First Act

By Herbert F. Goodrich

Dean, University of Pennsylvania Law School

THE evening quiet is broken with a shriek of brakes; a thud of impact is followed by the crash of broken glass. A woman screams. A crowd appears from nowhere; an officer comes up, asks questions, takes notes. An ambulance rushes to the scene, its gong clanging. An injured man is skilfully shifted to a stretcher by white-coated hospital orderlies and the stretcher swiftly replaced in the car. The ambulance hurries away. The crowd dissolves. Soon wrecking trucks arrive; two injured motor cars are trussed up and towed away. All is quiet again.

It is just another automobile accident, now so common that it may not bring a press notice unless the parties are sufficiently prominent to have their names make news. Probably most of us have been in a smash-up either on the delivering or the receiving end. Often the consequence is only a crumpled fender or a smashed headlight. But increased numbers and increased speed of cars have created a casualty list of breath-taking proportions. The fatality rate for automobile accidents has increased more than five hundred percent since 1913, while the death rate for other accidents during that period decreased more than thirty

percent. There were more motor vehicle deaths in June, 1931, than for the whole year of 1912. In September, 1931, an average of 110 persons met death each day in automobile accidents. In 1930, some 33,000 people were killed and more than a million injured in automobile accidents. A battlefield may be a safer place than an American highway.

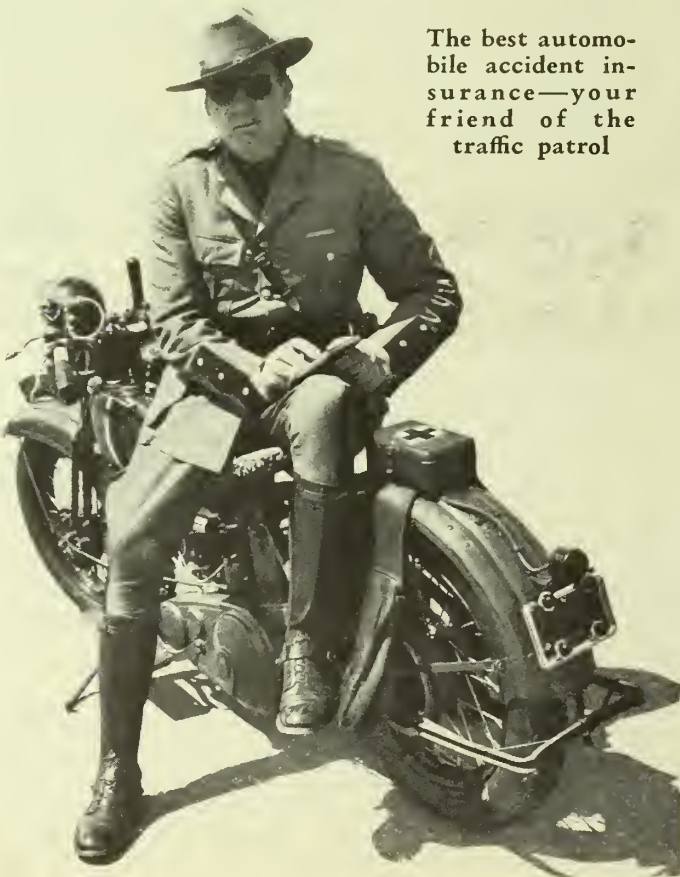
The cold figures do not tell the story of the personal and family tragedy of these accidents. The group of curious spectators melts away when the ambulance departs. But the human drama has just begun. The smallest item of loss may be the repair of the car, and that costs money, as every motorist knows. Then there's the doctor and the hospital. Weeks may elapse, long, painful weeks, before the injured victim can get about again, and now perhaps he must have the aid of crutch or brace. Possibly he never can go back to his former work. In the meantime family income has ceased, expenses have increased many fold. Even if physical recovery is satisfactory and complete, who is to move the mountain of debt which has grown during the weeks of incapacity?

Exit the garage man, the nurse, the doctor; enter the lawyer. Under what circumstances one may shift to another the burden of a loss he suffers is a legal question. The most important rules governing automobile accidents are not difficult to state, though they may be puzzling to apply. Legal liability depends upon the negligence of the one inflicting the injury. If one without fault injures another in operating a car, there is no liability. If the injury was sustained by the driver's carelessness, the latter is legally liable for that injury. If the driver is not the owner, but is operating the car upon the owner's business, the owner will be liable for the driver's carelessness just as though the owner himself had been at the wheel. Whether the operator was careless in a particular instance is to be decided by answering the question: Did he act as a man of ordinary prudence and carefulness would have acted under the circumstances?

It does not take a Philadelphia lawyer to see the difficulty all this involves. First, the swift-moving drama of the accident must be reënacted in the court room for the benefit of judge and jury. The accident was a matter of a few seconds of time and it happened months ago. Even if we assume that every witness is telling the truth as he sees it (a violent assumption), it is a hard task to reproduce the now faded picture. Then, when the various and conflicting stories are told, the jury must decide which one it is to believe and make up its mind whether the conduct of the motorist was negligent and if that negligence caused the victim's harm.

But there is another high hurdle which the injured man must get over if he is to win a verdict in his favor. Our law is that one injured by another's negligence cannot make the other pay for the injury if the carelessness of the injured person himself also contributed to the injury. It is not a question of relative carelessness, how much one was negligent, or how little the other. If a plaintiff's negligence contributed in the least, he is barred. A harsh doctrine this, but nevertheless the law, except where its very harshness has induced courts to create some exceptions to it. These need not be gone into here. The

The best automobile accident insurance—your friend of the traffic patrol



Looking for something to worry about? Then consider that when your turn comes to be bumped, either for a fender or a fracture, the chances are three to one that you will be hit by an uninsured car



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

contributory negligence question will come into almost every law suit brought to recover for the consequences of an automobile collision, and its answer involves all the difficulties of fact also present in deciding the question of defendant's negligence.

Guesswork is also involved in deciding how much the victim is to be allowed, once it is decided that the accident was the other person's fault, and not his. Property damage is not hard to arrive at: If it costs \$100 to repair the wrecked car, that amount can be allowed unless the garage charge is excessive. So, too, the expense of the physician, hospital, medicine and similar definite items. If the injured man had employment at regular wages his loss of earnings is a simple matter of arithmetic. But how much shall be allowed for "pain and suffering"? Would anyone voluntarily suffer the tortures of a fractured leg for \$500? Or any other amount? Money paid afterward is necessarily a clumsy recompense. But because it is clumsy is no reason for denying it, if it is the best that can be provided. The jury will guess at a fair allowance for this non-pecuniary injury as best it can, and its award will stand unless the judge feels the amount is grossly excessive.

Many motor accidents result in law suits. Court record studies in several cities show the tremendous proportion of the work of the courts taken up with this type of claim. Thus in Philadelphia motor accident litigation has been found to comprise fifty percent of all civil trials; in New Haven forty-two percent; in Detroit thirty-four percent; in the Supreme Court of New York, thirty-three percent. Yet only a small fraction of all such claims are fought out in court. In 1930, for instance, one large insurance company paid nearly 25,000 claims. More than four-fifths were paid without suit being entered, only two percent were paid following verdicts rendered in litigation.

The road to legal recovery for one injured in an automobile accident is long, expensive, uncertain, slow. Facts are difficult to prove; the harsh doctrine of contributory negligence may deprive one of all legal claim; crowded court dockets may delay relief so long that it is nearly worthless; the amount of a verdict may be guesswork and poor guesswork at that. But, after all, many of these difficulties are present in every type of law suit and some of them are inherent in any kind of machinery which is subject to the weaknesses of human judgment (*Continued on page 50*)

The False Equation: NO ARMY=

THE most bloodcurdling speech I ever heard was made, shortly after we entered the World War, by an orator who smote the table with a crash and uttered something to this effect:

"Many people have complained that the declaration of war found us unready in every respect, but I am proud of that fact. I rejoice in it! Because it proves that our intentions were innocent!"

What price innocence? Those innocent intentions cost us the lives of thousands of our soldiers, cost our Allies the loss of millions of lives; cost them and us the waste of billions of treasure; and eventually cost us the prolonged, crushing and almost inescapable depression from which we now suffer.

I prophesy that much the same oration will be delivered when the next World War finds us in it but not ready for it. For, if experience means anything, it tells us that when and if we ever enter another war we shall enter it entirely unprepared.

Your true pacifist makes much ado over the horrors of battle and the slaughter of youth, as if he alone held war in abhorrence; but he takes no blame to himself for his immense share in the slaughter. He ignores the ghastly price we have always paid for our habit of refusing to prepare for any war until it has been declared. The pity of it is that the pacifist recurs like the seven-year locust and with equal devastation. He begins to germinate right after each war has taught us the dreadful lessons of unreadiness, and he flourishes upon the spirit of resentment that follows when the bill for the war must be paid.

In the morning-after headaches that succeed each war, the mere thought of the possibility of another war is as nauseating as the thought of another orgy is to the man still jittery with the one of the night before.

Still, it is fairly safe to say that the hard drinker who swears off will swear off again; and it is historically certain that the nation emerging repentantly from one war will eventually enter another.

We Americans call ourselves a peaceable nation with no land-grabbing lusts, yet we have had more than our share of wars from the beginning—according to Major W. A. Gano, 110 conflicts with 8600 battles and casualties of 1,280,000 men. The Revolution was followed by Shays's Rebellion, the Whiskey Insurrection, the dreadful Indian campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne, the French war of 1798, the war with the Barbary Pirates, the War of 1812, the war with Mexico, the Civil War, the Spanish War, the Mexican clash, the World War, not to mention a century of almost uninterrupted struggle with the Indians. Yet the pacifists would have us assume that there will be no more wars, and that any attention paid to an army is criminal waste. Out of every war we have emerged with the making of a splendid army, which we have promptly starved into a state of obsolescence and comparative uselessness.

There has been plentiful warning of every war we have ever waged, yet the opening battles have always found us as unprepared as if the bolt had come from the blue with no preliminary

"THE incessant efforts of those who enforce unpreparedness either from pacifism or parsimony have accomplished nothing except enormous wastage of men and money"

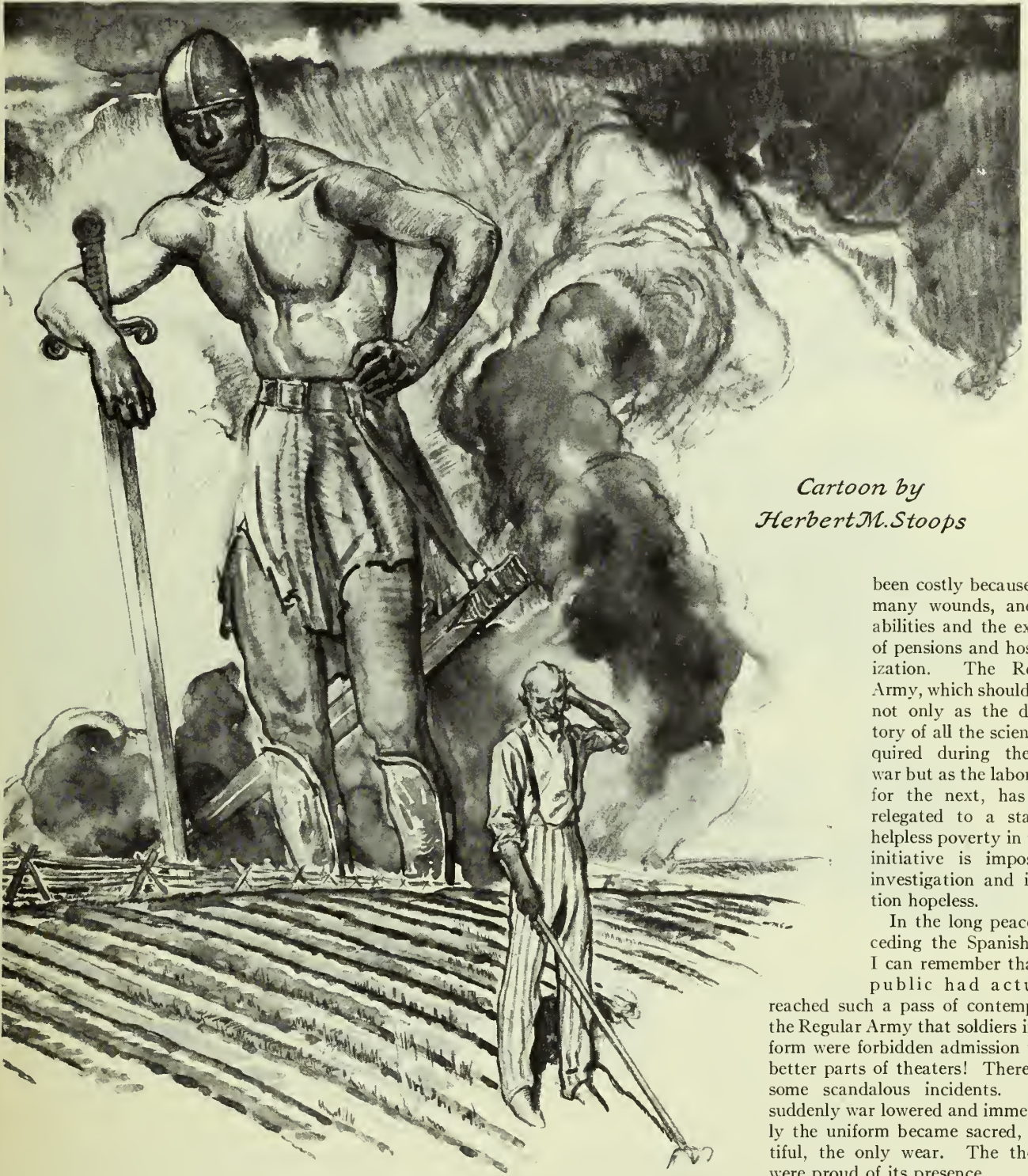


clouds or far-off thunder. The end of every war has found us making emphatic resolutions that we shall never again be caught napping, never again subjected to the disgraceful losses of opportunity and of life that shocked us before.

Yet there has always been a rapid return to "normal;" the most rudimentary precautions have been resented. Gradually the very word "preparedness" has taken on an irritating sound and we have insisted on being allowed to sleep in peace while the cobwebs and the rust gather on our old-fashioned weapons. Gifted and patriotic soldiers who have devoted their lives to the science and the art of war regularly find themselves marooned in idle posts, or outcasts altogether.

Yet, while the pacifists have done their bit and have claimed

NO WAR *By Rupert Hughes*



*Cartoon by
Herbert M. Stoops*

been costly because of so many wounds, and disabilities and the expense of pensions and hospitalization. The Regular Army, which should serve not only as the depository of all the science acquired during the late war but as the laboratory for the next, has been relegated to a state of helpless poverty in which initiative is impossible, investigation and invention hopeless.

In the long peace preceding the Spanish War I can remember that the public had actually reached such a pass of contempt for the Regular Army that soldiers in uniform were forbidden admission to the better parts of theaters! There were some scandalous incidents. Then suddenly war lowered and immediately the uniform became sacred, beautiful, the only wear. The theaters were proud of its presence.

The inevitableness of war with Spain was manifest for years as the ruination of Cuba went on and on and the concentration of the people in cities brought death by starvation to tens of thousands; yet there was fierce opposition to the least step toward preparedness. Then one night the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor and we were rushed into war with results that were sickening to our pride. After the war we relapsed into the same state, and the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914 found us where we had been.

In 1916 it looked as if we might have a (Continued on page 44)

much credit for the decay of the military spirit, the true cause has been not so much love of peace as love of being let alone—laziness, stinginess, indifference.

The soldier at war has been celebrated by orators and poets with tail feathers spread. He is hailed as the savior of his country, the one true citizen, the hope of the future, the defender of ideals. When he comes home his path is strewn with flowers; but they wilt no faster than the public enthusiasm. Gradually the savior of each war has become the bore, the pest, of the peace. He has

BLANKVILLE

Sees It Through

By
Marquis
James



LAST winter these columns were opened to the writer for the publication of two articles on great business depressions of the past and a third article purporting to illustrate how the course of the present slack times runs parallel with precedent, especially the depression of 1873-78, which sprang from causes similar to those of our present situation. Among the letters from readers was one from a thoughtful laboring man in the manufacturing town of Chester, near Philadelphia. As one seeking information rather than trying to start an argument, he asked how I could be so confident that history would repeat, and this depression follow the traces of its predecessors, getting worse until a good many crack under the strain, when all at once the turn comes, things clear up, wheels spin, men resume work and in a few months the accumulated cares of years pass away?

I do not know whether my answer was very satisfactory. I said that as a semi-professional student of history I had learned that all history is repetition differing only in detail. It is a part

of the vanity of each generation to think that it lives in a new era, which when you get down to it is merely a reshuffling of the cards handed down from eras gone by. Just now there are two obsessions concerning the present depression by which the popular mind sets it apart from other depressions and seeks to bar the old rules for recovery from applying. One is that this depression is the first that is world-wide and the other that during the boom we created facilities for production that are so far in advance of consumption that they can never be utilized again.

In neither obsession is there anything new. Most of the world was flat on its back in the seventies, for instance, and that depression, like this one, was caused by speculation on an excess of



The out-of-work mechanic and his family had gone through the winter in the old cabin and were preparing themselves for another winter there

production and expansion. Four trans-continental railroads were being built where one was enough for the time being. The vast facilities for producing the things that go to make a railroad grew like Jack's beanstalk and when the railroads blew up this machinery became idle. Grass grew among the cobblestones of industrial towns and people proclaimed that there were too many machines (as there were at the moment) and never again would we see turning all the wheels that turned in August, 1873, before the crash that came in September. People talked of going back to the land, and in great numbers they went back, where a man can live somehow, for it is the land that supports us all. They stayed there, these exiles from industry, until the boom's debts were paid and the machines began to turn again, which they were all doing six months after the lowest and most discouraging period of the depression had been reached—and turning briskly to make up for the scarcity of everything created during the period of suspension.

Yet, as I say, perhaps my letter failed to carry the desired conviction, and doubtless my correspondent spoke for others who are inclined to scout an argument based on the redundant qual-

ities of history. In times when so many predictions have gone awry a man cannot be censured for having some qualms about a dead duck such as history. What if this should be the time it doesn't repeat? It is to such persons these lines are addressed. The evidence of one's own eyes is more satisfactory than what he reads in books, and I have seen the living testimony that, as in the past, America is tightening its belt for the last long and hard pull that will see us through.

In July we observed a melancholy anniversary, when the depression, which in 1929 we were so unambiguously assured would not last six months, entered its fourth year. It is in the fourth year that the strain begins to tell. The pricked balloons of "business as usual" and "prosperity just around the corner" (which as far back as 1930 one inspired typesetter rendered as "just around the corner") make a litter that offends the eye and discourages the spirit. As the delusion of a royal road to recovery fades two things take its place: (1) talk and confusion; (2) silence and a grim determination to travel the rocky road of liquidation of debts contracted during the period of unsound expansion. And thus we are today a house divided.

It would not be fair or accurate to make the division purely along geographical lines, although I am not the first observer to remark that in the urban centers of the East, notably New York City, one hears more hard times talk than elsewhere. This is true. New York has a certain feeling of superiority over its neighbors, and, as the home of the Stock Exchange, seems to consider itself the headquarters of the depression.

Indeed, the suffering there is very real and cannot be mitigated by planting potato patches on Third Avenue. Temporary relief in cities is largely a matter of distributing dollars, or food and clothing bought with dollars, like the payment of boom-time debts, which is the only road to permanent relief, and is a painful affair. But both forms of relief go (Continued on page 38)

CONCERNING

*Illustrations by
H.M. Bonnell*

*A Quarter-Breed Squaw
Takes a Hand in a White
Man's Game*



I HAD been conversing with old Dad Tully, owner of the 70 ranch and, in the course of a discussion so puerile I have now forgotten what it was, I employed the quotation, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Dad smiled reminiscently. "Being just an ornery old cow-man," he admitted, "I can't say as I know much about the Lord and His mysterious ways, but I claim to know a heap about men who moved in wondrous ways their mysteries to perform. And," he added with conviction, "I never knew one of them fellers that didn't end up by out-foxing himself, thus providing a moral and adorning a tale. Did I ever tell you about Bud Inman? . . . No? Well, tell Zing to hustle up the alfalfa cocktails; it's first drink time. And while we're libating I'll tell you about Bud Inman."

Having "libated" sufficient to wet his whistle, as it were, Dad began his story:

This here Bud Inman I'm telling you about was what you might call a mighty low white man. While I never knew him to commit the crime of grand larceny or to murder anybody himself, nevertheless I always thought Bud had possibilities in either direction, but on account of him having been born with a natural yearning to play the game o' life close to his vest when dealing himself a hand o' vicissitudes he don't, so far as I know, except on one occasion, overt more than what's apt to cost him a five hundred dollar fine and six months in jail or both.

When I first meet up with Bud he's rising forty year old and running a hotel up along the Klamath River. He has a bar in this deadfall, with two brands of alleged whiskey in it—one, which is bad, he retails to cowboys and miners and the other, which is worse, he makes special himself on the premises. That's for Indians and it sure carries the authority.

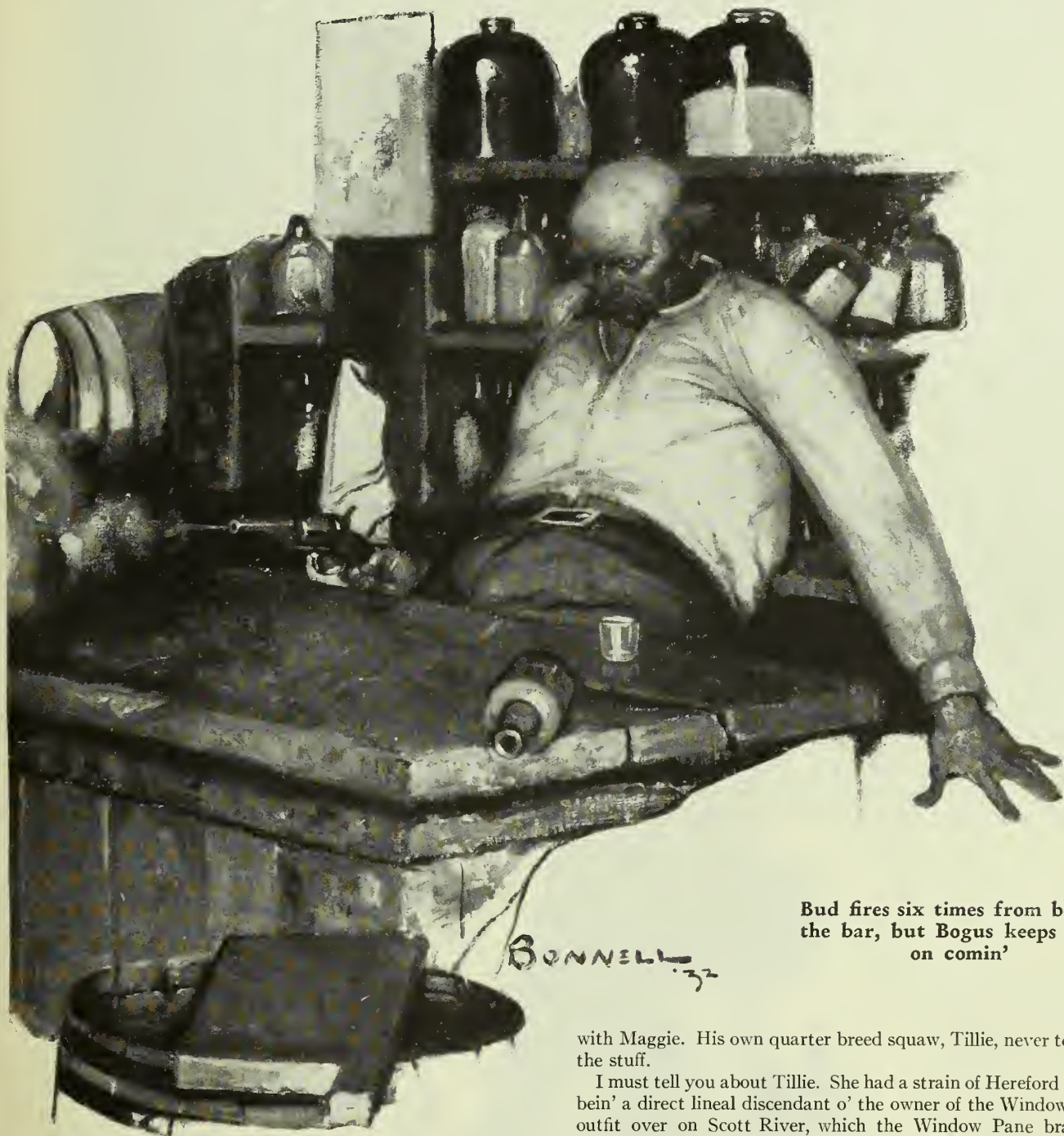
With the exception of the brief period during which occur what I'm going to tell you about, Bud's a bachelor and his hotel indicates it.

He has a Chinese cook who also waits on table and has promised to make the beds and sweep out the rooms, but fails miserably on both counts, yet for all that Bud's hotel is patronized regularly by the prospectors and cow men that from time to time wander up and down the Klamath. There ain't no road along the Klamath in them days—nothin' but a footpath, which naturally tends to limit the trade. However, for all its natural drawbacks, Bud's hotel is popular with his particular trade, because every one of his five rooms contains a bootjack; as Bud often remarked there was one charge his guests could never make stick. He didn't have a bed bug on the premises and he couldn't help having fleas when men that ought to know better insisted on sleeping their dogs in the same room with them.

It takes me all of two visits to get on to Bud, on account he's cross-eyed. On the second visit, however, I make up my mind that even if he ain't so afflicted he can't look you straight in the eye nohow. And, added to that, he's recently made an Indian marriage with a squaw by the name o' Maggie, a lady built on the butcher-block style of architecture an' a rearin', tearin' grizzly when she gets drunk, which ain't often, because she won't touch nothin' but white man's whiskey an' Bud keeps that locked up as a rule. Maggie has a son, born to her very early in life an' accordin' to gossip there's a military strain in him, he having been sired by a cavalry bugler over to Fort Bidwell. However, as this ain't regarded exactly as a bar sinister in the best Indian circles,

Tillie

By Peter
B. Kyne



Bud fires six times from behind
the bar, but Bogus keeps right
on comin'

Maggie's son, which he's known as Bogus Ben Bugler, rates just as high socially as his full-blooded brethern—that is, when he's sober. With a half quart of his foster-father's whiskey under his shirt, however, he's feared and respected, for on such occasions Bogus Ben Bugler's military strain come strongly to the front and nothing will suit him but war. Which he was a fightin' fool, too.

Well, when Maggie and Bud Inman make their unconventional alliance, Bogus Ben Bugler, as our British brethern would say, was tickled no end. Right off he takes advantage o' the groom to run up a whiskey bill of twenty-one dollars—an' white man's whiskey at that. However, to show he was a good son, he split it

with Maggie. His own quarter breed squaw, Tillie, never touches the stuff.

I must tell you about Tillie. She had a strain of Hereford in her, bein' a direct lineal descendant o' the owner of the Window Pane outfit over on Scott River, which the Window Pane brand is evolved from the Double H. Seeing its possibilities for blotchin', Tillie's pa runs his iron over the Double H—a bar above and one below and sets up in business under the Window Pane brand. All was goin' well until the Double H riding boss concludes to skin a Window Pane steer to view the brand from the inside out. When he discovers the old brand shows a dark blue with the recent additions looming up fairly red, he's convinced he has a public duty to perform, to wit, making Tillie a half orphan on her father's side. Which he does the same and it has nothing to do with my story, except to indicate that poor Tillie, through no fault of her own, starts life with a moral and economic handicap, which same probably accounts for her subsequent peculiar actions when, with the white side of her brain, she figures out Bud Inman's opus

moderandi in relieving himself of his foster son, Bogus Ben Bugler.

Once Bogus Ben Bugler's in Bud Inman's debt, he's a gone fawn. Right off Bud decides to make him work it out, so he puts Bogus in charge of the stable. Also he's responsible for wood an' water in the hotel kitchen for the Chinese cook and is supposed to take full charge of his mother when she overflows, which she does as often as Bud forgets to lock his liquor closet, which he's a mite forgetful at times. Bud allows Bogus a salary o' thirty dollars a month, board for him an' Tillie an' a vacant stall in the horse barn for light housekeeping.

His first month's salary, therefore, is nine dollars net, and as him an' Tillie needs some clothing, nothing happens that pay day. Along about the fifteenth of the following month, however, Bogus Ben Bugler gets powerful thirsty, so, watchin' his opportunity when there's no white men around to witness Bud's crime in sellin' liquor to an Indian, Bogus breezes up to the bar an' says to Bud:

"Whiskey."

Bud, figuring his step-son has maybe four bits left over from pay day and being trustful to a certain extent, deals out a glass of the fiery usquebaugh he keeps for Indians and in doing so pulls a trick he's evolved for appeasing Maggie. He pours from a bottle that's supposed to contain white man's whiskey. Bogus downs it with a grunt of savage satisfaction and says: "Hum! Heap no good. Him Injun whiskey. What for you fool me, Bud?"

"Oh, hell," says Bud, generous-like, "wrap yourself around another, Bogus, an' quit squawkin'."

So Bogus did and told Bud to charge both drinks to his account. Findin' Bud agreeable, he calls in Maggie an' treats her to two drinks. That's four drinks he's in the hole. So he goes outside an' makes four nicks in the bark of an alder tree with his knife, and Bud, observin' this from the window, steps out under cover of darkness the same night and messes up Bogus Ben Bugler's bookkeeping, by posting six drinks to his own credit instead of four. In consequence of this nefarious act, Bogus discovers at the end of the month that he ain't got but five dollars coming, so he retires to figure this out. He knows drinks is ten cents each, ten drinks for a dollar, so he consults his books and finds a record of two hundred and fifty drinks. On account he's a mite untutored he can't recognize the forgery, so he does the next best thing. While he believes his own books, nevertheless he concludes to start a double-entry system of bookkeeping in order to check up, which when you come to think of it, ain't a half bad idea for a savage to work up. He says

nothin' but draws down the five he has coming. Bud tries hard to get him to settle for a quart of white man's whiskey, which only cost Bud seventy-five cents, but Bogus has his own ideas and refuses. Being half white, he has some consideration for Tillie and gives her the five, after which he starts runnin' up a whiskey bill again. After each drink Bud sees him cut a notch in the bark of the alder tree and after dark Bud messes up the account again. What Bud don't know, however, is that Bogus is also dropping an acorn into an old can back of the barn, simultaneous—one drink, one acorn.

That month Bogus controls himself considerably; hence when pay day comes around he's considerably surprised, to say the least, when Bud presents his accounting. Sure enough, Bud's books agree with Bogus Ben Bugler's alder tree records, but between the alder tree an' the can of acorns there's what accountants call a grave discrepancy, with Bogus Ben Bugler claimin' a credit memorandum an' promptly allowin' he'll kill Bud Inman if it ain't forthcoming. Bud promptly reaches under the bar for his gun, but it ain't there, whereupon it occurs to him that maybe a compromise is in order. He's sure of this when Maggie, a true mother, takes the part of her abused son, while Tillie, as loyal a wife as ever lived, ranges up alongside of Maggie, who has an ax, and threatens to stab Bud with a miner's candlestick. Bogus, meanwhile, is brandishing his pen—I mean his skelping knife, so Bud settles according to Bogus Ben Bugler's acorns and says maybe he did make a little mistake, after all.

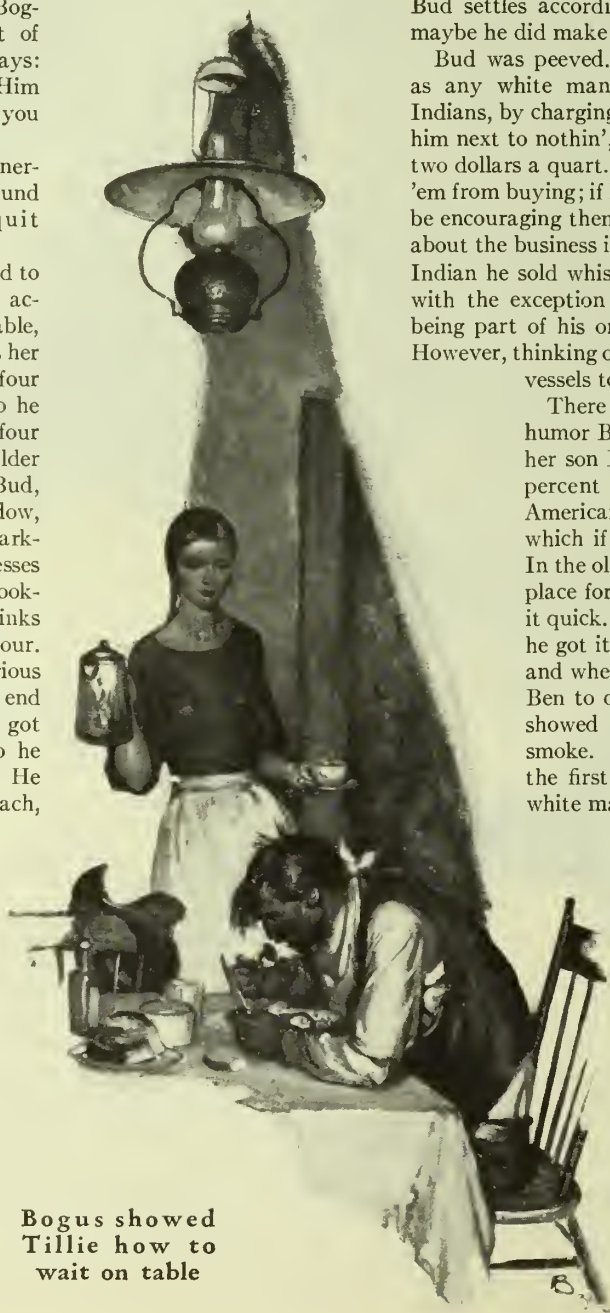
Bud was peeved. He'd always maintained he'd gone as far as any white man to make prohibition effective among the Indians, by charging them three dollars a quart for stuff that cost him next to nothin', whereas better liquor only cost a white man two dollars a quart. God knows he'd done his best to discourage 'em from buying; if he sold Indians whiskey any cheaper he'd just be encouraging them into a life of profligacy. And he was decent about the business in other ways, too, for he never permitted any Indian he sold whiskey to, to drink it on the premises—that is, with the exception of Maggie and Bogus, in which case, they being part of his organization, it couldn't very well be helped. However, thinking of the sheriff, he did his best to hold these weak vessels to a reasonable amount of the stuff.

There was another reason, too, why it was best to humor Bogus. Before Bud had took up with Maggie, her son Bogus had constituted a real problem. Fifty percent of his blood carried a one hundred percent Americanism. He was as independent as a hog on ice, which if the said hog can't stand up he'll set down. In the old days when Bogus Ben Bugler came to Bud's place for whiskey, he wanted whiskey and he wanted it quick. If he didn't get it he made a gun play. When he got it he drank it then and there like a white man, and whenever Bud would try in his gentle way to get Ben to drag off to his rancheria to get drunk, Bogus showed a disposition to argue the question in the smoke. Whiskey always made him quarrelsome after the first quart. . . . Yes, Bogus could hold it like a white man, all right.

He didn't bluff Bud none, however. Bud wasn't afraid of him at all. The sheriff was the only man in them parts that had Bud bluffed. Many a time Bud used to meditate on the advisability of killing Bogus when the Indian made a gun play, but he always restrained himself. It would certainly be bad for his business to have to explain how come he happened to bump off a drunken Indian.

"Dang your gizzard," says Bud, as he settles with Bogus, "you was an embarrassment to me before I took on your mother and you're a worse embarrassment now. You'll get me in trouble yet if I don't do something about it."

Poor old Bud just didn't know what to do about it, however. He had to have a roustabout on the place and he'd tried



Bogus showed
Tillie how to
wait on table



Tillie's pa, the owner of the Window Pane outfit over on Scott River, was too clever with a branding iron and the Double H riding boss had found it necessary to blot him out

many Indians only to fire them one and all. Bogus, unlike most of his full-blooded relatives, wasn't lazy. In fact, it seemed as if he had a real leaning toward labor. He understood horses and liked them; he wouldn't neglect them drunk or sober, and when a feller rode up to Bud's hotel and turned his horse over to Bogus he never worried about the animal. When he was ready to leave in the morning his horse, saddled and bridled, was tied to the breeze outside and he could mount without bothering to look and see that the saddle was cinched proper.

Bogus was a good hunter, too. He always had a deer or a bear hung up in the meat-house and cut down Bud's meat bills a hundred percent. If a guest wanted a grouse or some ducks or a mess of quail, Bogus would go out and get the game in no time and to hell with the game laws, if any, which there wasn't much in them days. In fact, all Bogus craved was a square deal and enough whiskey to keep him on edge; with any sort of decent care Bud could have kept him from getting drunk. But you know how it is with Bud's kind.

Bogus had other advantages. He broke Tillie to wait on table and she did the hotel washing, and he kept his mother in corncob pipes an' plug tobacco. He never bought a drink without buying one for Maggie too an' he always split what he had left of his pay-

day with Tillie. He was a good son and a good husband if he'd only had any chance in life.

No, Bud just couldn't afford to lose Bogus Ben Bugler so gradually he give up dreaming of how beautiful Bogus would look in a new suit of overalls, ready for the grave, and took to practising patience and figuring out some new way to get the best of Bogus in their whiskey trading. Eventually he decided the quickest and simplest way was to keep a bottle special for Bogus and his family and cut down the proof with good old Klamath River water.

The first swig of that he gave Bogus is downed without protest. Likewise the second. But that night when all is still and Bud has went out to the alder tree to doctor the books, he finds Bogus has made two half length cuts in the bark! And while Bud don't know it, Bogus has dropped two manzanita berries into his can instead of the customary acorns.

The next pay day it's the same old story all over again. Bogus claims the stock's been watered and insists upon a settlement at fifty cents on the dollar. But Bud is so mad at having been swindled by a mere Indian that he stands pat, so Bogus comes around the end of the bar to cut his gizzard out.

Bud, he don't back water an inch. He knows his gun is back of the bar, now, so since desperate (Continued on page 52)

WHO'LL BEAT

FIRST PRIZE

Pigtails à la mode made memorable the picnic of Leonard Wood Post of Los Angeles. Note the eating technique, reminiscent of corn-on-the-cob days of happy memory. Photograph by George Fales, Post Historian



JUSTICE is justice. California wins hands down the two principal prizes in the Monthly's Photo Competition for October. But the editors know that in Posts of other Departments hundreds of other pictures as effective as the California ones are only waiting for Legionnaire photographers to take them. The first prize picture of Leonard Wood Post of Los Angeles might have been made just as well at a Post picnic in Pennsylvania or Illinois, with due recognition of California's sunshine and the fact that the movies have made most Californians camera wise.



THIRD PRIZE. From his hospital bedside window this picture of North Carolina Department bands and drum corps was snapped by Frank D. Hills, Ward R-3, Veterans Hospital at Oteen. The musical units took time out from the Department convention at Asheville to parade at the hospital



CALIFORNIA ?



SECOND PRIZE

What Wall Street did to John W. Investor, Glendale (California) Post does to Sunny Boy, the black sheep who is passed along monthly to the Nineteenth District Post lowest in membership standing. Photo by C. R. Mowry

Come on Iowa, New Jersey, Kentucky and Maine! Come on, too, Maryland, Ohio, Louisiana and Wisconsin! And all you other States!

First, second and third prizes of \$20, \$15 and \$10 will be paid for best Legion activity photographs published in each issue until further notice, and \$5 will be paid for others selected. Address pictures to Legion Photo Editor, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, including postage if you desire them returned. Receipt of photographs will not be acknowledged, due to the large number of entries.



A split second during the benefit polo game of Daniel W. Brooks Post of Swissvale, Pennsylvania. Photograph submitted by M. S. Colmery



Prescott Park bathing beach and pavilion at Saranac Lake, New York, dredged, constructed and equipped entirely by Saranac Lake Post. Photo by F. P. Hardesty

★ *The National-Commander Says -*

I NOW PASS *the* GAVEL

WHEN you read this farewell statement, Legionnaire, you will have a new National Commander whose name is unknown to me as these words are written and whose identity is as yet a secret of history.

The next article to appear in *The American Legion Monthly* bearing the signature of a National Commander will be signed by him; the custom of a signed article by the National Commander in each issue of the Legion's official magazine will go on.

This present article, as I said, is by way of a farewell from your top kick of 1931-32, and the word farewell naturally suggests the theme of a recapitulation of the activities of the administration which came to a close at Portland on September 15th.

Foremost on this year's Legion program, as on every Legion program from 1919 to this year, and from this year on into an indefinite future, has come the cause of the disabled American World War veteran. New cases have been reported to the Washington office of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee at an average daily rate of from forty to fifty during the year. Forty to fifty every day—each one a separate problem, a separate crisis, perhaps a separate tragedy affecting sometimes one man, oftener a man and one or more dependents. Forty to fifty daily human dramas—forty to fifty human dilemmas brought to *The American Legion* for succor and solution.

During the fiscal year ending June 30th last, the Rehabilitation Committee, through its central office and its ten field secretaries, has recovered for veterans \$7,509,127, an increase of more than a million dollars over the previous official year. In computing this total, credit is assumed only for initial or adjustment payments without regard for continuing payments.

Striking proof that the Legion's technical experts are adequately equipped for their task is provided in the fact that the ten field secretaries made some six hundred recommendations to the proper government officials regarding possible improvements in the services concerned and that only twenty-seven percent of these recommendations were disapproved.

One of the most moving incidents of my year as your chief was my visit to the national leprosarium at Carrville, Louisiana, where nearly a score of World War vet-

Henry L. Shreve Jr



erans who are suffering from leprosy are being cared for. I was the first National Commander to visit this institution, and it is highly gratifying to me to know that these veterans are now banded together in their own post of The American Legion. My visit was made with the special leprosy committee authorized by the National Executive Committee, and this committee prepared a report embodying several definite recommendations which was to be considered at the Portland national convention.

Second only in importance to our work for the disabled, and in many instances definitely bound up with it, are the Legion's efforts in the field of child welfare. Never have The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary more effectively cooperated with our National Child Welfare Committee than during the period of economic crisis—a period which called for all the assistance which Legion and Auxiliary alike were able to render. In addition to the \$176,000 income made available for this work through the Endowment Fund, the National Child Welfare Committee was handsomely aided this year by funds supplied by the 40 and 8, the Auxiliary, and the 8 and 40—\$20,000 from the first, \$6,205 from the second, and \$2000 from the third.

The history of the Legion's legislative efforts during the organization year which has just ended has been presented in earlier articles in this series, but it might be well to summarize here, at the risk of repetition, a few of our outstanding accomplishments in this field. These are:

Reduction of interest rates on adjusted compensation loans and immediate availability for loans of certificates recently issued.

Extension of term insurance for another five years, affecting nearly 87,000 veterans who would otherwise have been forced to forego this protection to themselves and their dependents.

Salvaging of the civilian components—C.M.T.C., R.O.T.C., and the Organized Reserve—of our national defense for at least another year.

Authorization of nearly \$13,000,000 in appropriations for new hospital construction and of \$5,000,000 for improvements and extensions of existing facilities. Of particular importance in this regard is a new law authorizing the Veterans Administrator to incur obligations to the full amount of all acts authorizing hospital construction, which guarantees the completion of the 1931 hospital program.

Appropriation of \$120,000 to increase the number of Veterans' Employment Offices under the Department of Labor.

A small legislative detail which goes to prove how searchingly the Legion watches the needs of the disabled veteran was the enactment of a provision authorizing the Veterans Administration to buy tobacco for men receiving hospital treatment or domiciliary care.

The Legion, through its National Legislative Committee, scored in addition to these, many significant minor triumphs which were to be reported on in detail at Portland.

Most significant of all, perhaps, in the legislative field was a negative victory of major importance. The watchword of economy was raised against considerable veteran legislation already on the books by those who sought to use such legislation as a smoke-screen to protect their own well-entrenched interests. The failure of these efforts was not spectacular, but it was of tremendous moment to the Legionnaire and the service man.

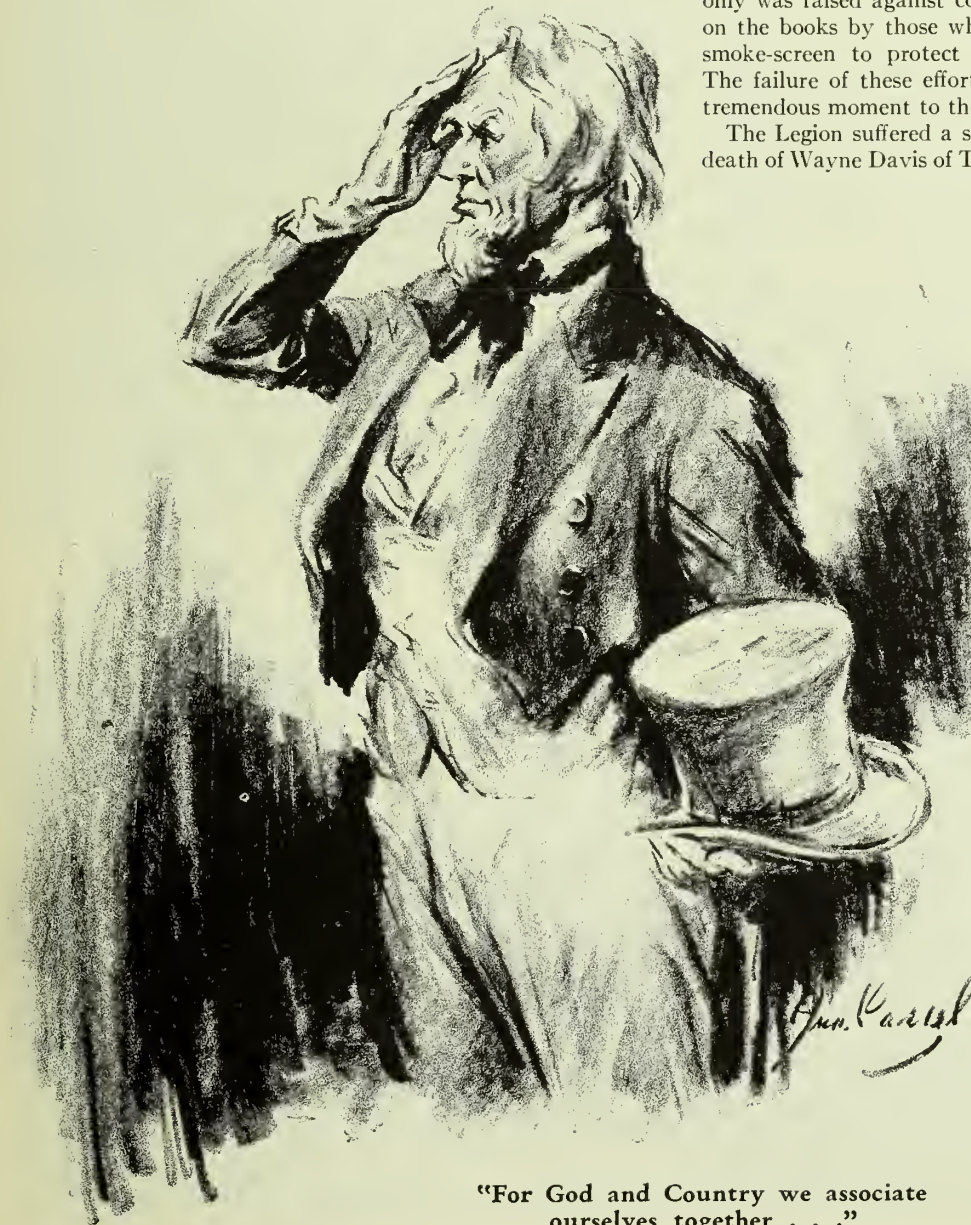
The Legion suffered a severe loss during the past year in the death of Wayne Davis of Texas, chairman of its National Defense

Committee, but the committee will carry on in the future as he would have wished in the cause of adequate preparation for any eventuality—and if the preparation is adequate there probably need never be an eventuality.

In the field of Americanism the Legion has carried on without fireworks but with admirable effectiveness. You all read in the September issue of the Monthly the sound presentation of the Legion's point of view in its Americanism activities as given by the chairman of its National Americanism Commission.

The effort to reduce the Regular Army by 2000 officers and 8000 men was victoriously blocked by the Legion, and, as already noted, the civilian components of the defense system were preserved also as a result of Legion alertness. But the Legion was unable to secure a proper pledge from either major party in national convention assembled on national defense lines, and it is not too much to say that the preservation of our institutions is in danger of disaster if the lessons we learned fourteen years ago at so great sacrifice are so soon to be forgotten.

The Legion itself was effectively mobilized during the year for its second war—the War against Depression. This campaign, (Continued on page 59)

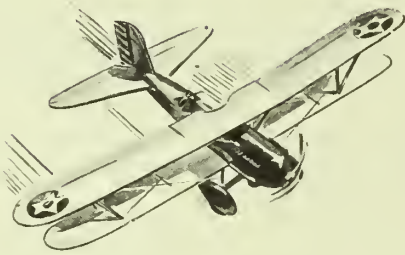


"For God and Country we associate ourselves together . . ."

Preparing for The DAY of the BOMBER

By F. Trubee Davison

Assistant Secretary of War



THE Twentieth Pursuit Group of the Third Attack Wing, United States Army Air Corps, will this fall take formal possession of Barksdale Field, marking the culmination of a co-operative effort between the city of Shreveport, Louisiana, and the War Department, which comprises one of the finest examples I can cite of the fact that the intelligent interest of our citizenry in national defense has not altogether languished since the expensive lessons of 1917 and 1918.

In 1927 funds became available for the Five-Year Army Air Corps Development Program, which should be completed by the end of next year. However, the economic situation will probably result in a very considerable delay in its completion. This program has brought the Air Corps out of the mushroom period which began during the World War and has established definitely its position in any scheme of national defense. When completed the program provides for an Air Corps of 1,650 Regular officers and 550 Reserve officers currently on duty, 14,582 enlisted men, and 2,500 flying cadets in training at Randolph Field, San Antonio, Texas—the West Point of the Air. The program calls for 1,800 serviceable planes of all types, and I stress the word serviceable. When considering aircraft for purposes of defense, only serviceable ones can fight. Those in the repair depots, in the training establishments, in the experimental stage, and the obsolete ones, are useless for tactical units. If we count on the airplanes in these categories, we are only deluding ourselves.

The Third Attack Wing, which will ultimately make its home at Barksdale Field, comprises approximately 300 officers, 1,600 men and 180 planes. In fact, it is a very fair-sized little city all by itself, including as it does repair shops and buildings to house the various auxiliary equipment such as radio and photographic, not to mention housing for the personnel and hangars for the planes.

Numerous cities were anxious that the Wing should make its home with them, but strategic considerations scaled this number down to six, all located in the South. After two years' consideration, and for many reasons, a decision was reached in favor of Shreveport, whose citizens raised \$1,600,000 for the purchase of 20,210 acres of land and deeded it to the federal Government.

A local bond issue for the purchase of this land was carried eighteen to one. This will give some indication of the whole-hearted faith which the citizens felt toward the proposition for which they were voting. Shreveport informed itself of the prospects the future holds for aviation, commercial as well as military, and made its arrangements to prepare for that future. This meant, of course, a comprehensive and well-conducted campaign of education.

Shreveport had to sell its own people before it could make any very tangible offer of its wares to the War Department. This was the work of a committee which I believe to be a model of its kind. The committee was headed by John D. Ewing, publisher of four newspapers in Louisiana, and whose name, I believe, is familiar to most members of The American Legion there and elsewhere. Once Mr. Ewing and his colleagues had made the home folk sufficiently air-minded, the scene of action shifted to Washington and I saw a good deal of him and other representative citizens of Shreveport, such as Andrew Querbes, Randle T. Moore and John H. Tucker, Jr.

John Tucker, they tell me, is sufficiently familiar with the forms of French law to practice in Paris. It struck me as rather extraordinary that a knowledge of French law could be useful to anyone in the United States. However, the legal procedure in Louisiana is not based on the English common law, as in our other States, but on the Code Napoléon. Needless to say, this further complicated the situation for the Shreveport people in establishing to the satisfaction of the Government clear titles to the aviation field. Legal instruments bearing on these titles ran over twenty thousand pages and made a stack as high as a door. The title to half an acre belonging to an extinct lodge of colored masons once held up everything for weeks. The bed of a stream that a

Barksdale Field at Shreveport in Louisiana, soon to be the home of the Third Attack Wing, United States Army Air Corps. Two hundred and fifty planes will be able to take off from it simultaneously without crowding

good man can jump across in places entailed another hitch until it was discovered that this real estate already belonged to the United States, the stream, before the Civil War, having been declared navigable, and indeed was navigated by cotton packets. The federal Government owns the beds of navigable streams.

The site accepted, the Army began in April of 1931 to transform it into a home and training ground for the Third Attack Wing, and for more than a year a daily average of about nine hundred men have found employment on this project—an item I believe to be worthy of mention in these times. The appropriation available—\$3,650,000—was only half of what is needed to complete the field, so only half of the Wing, the Twentieth Pursuit Group, will move in next fall. But this Group will find itself in possession of unexcelled facilities.

The landing field is three miles long by half a mile wide, and eventually it will be a mile wide. The difference in elevation between the highest and the lowest point is less than eight feet. Sown in Bermuda grass, which forms an exceptionally good turf, the field will be able easily to handle planes with high landing speeds. As it stands now, half completed, I believe it is the largest field of its kind. Two hundred and fifty planes could take off from it simultaneously without crowding. This is the only military reservation for the use of the Air Corps over which maneuvers

and battle exercises can be conducted without the bullets going off government land.

Quarters for eight hundred enlisted men and one hundred and fifty officers will be ready this autumn. They are models of their kind and would be a revelation to my readers whose ideas of army housing accommodations are based on their experiences during the war. All structures are of French colonial design, in keeping with the best architectural traditions of Louisiana. The walls are of stucco on hollow tile, the roofs of red tile shingles. The houses of the non-commissioned officers differ only in size from those of the officers. All are equipped with central gas-heating systems with a blower arrangement for cooling the rooms in summer. All have hardwood floors, automatic refrigerators and in fact every device of the modern home.

The units comprising the Twentieth Pursuit Group, which will occupy Barksdale Field in October, are the Fifty-fifth and Seventy-seventh Pursuit Squadrons, the Eightieth Service Squadron and the Twentieth Pursuit Group Headquarters, all now stationed at Mather Field, Sacramento, California. After they are on the ground the Group will be brought up to strength by reconstituting the Seventy-ninth Pursuit Squadron, now inactive. When additional appropriations to build the second half of the field are forthcoming the Third Attack Group will be removed from Fort Crockett at Galveston, completing the permanent mobilization of the Wing at Barksdale Field. Until this time the Group will be distributed between the two posts at Shreveport and Galveston.

The whole picture of war in the air has changed so profoundly since 1918 that a veteran of those days, even a flyer who has not kept abreast of developments, would find the entire concept strange to him. The pursuit branch of the service, which went out and took on enemy planes, usually in single combat, was then the important factor in maintaining supremacy of the air, whereas the basic arm of the Air Corps now is the bomber. Upon the bomber we depend to carry the war quickly into the enemy's rear areas, to disable munitions plants, railroad centers and important bridges. In wartime the bomber was the truck of the air, trudging along, under load, seventy or eighty miles an hour, practically incapable of defense against pursuit aircraft. The bomber we now use in training makes 120 miles an hour under load, and our new bombers make 180, and there is a possibility of increasing this. With bombers going at this speed, pursuit planes must be stepped up proportionately. This will be a difficult matter for engineering experts to accomplish as the speeds are now getting so great that every additional mile is obtained at the expense of adding enormous horsepower or extreme refinement of design.



Attack aviation which will ultimately be stationed at Barksdale Field is a purely post-war development. This branch was begun during the

war by flyers who wished to get rid of surplus ammunition on their way back to their own airdromes and therefore shot up enemy ground troops and establishments with it. However, it was so effective that we now have planes whose mission is exclusively that of attacking troops on the ground. They carry many machine guns—in fact the attack plane is nothing but a flying machine-gun nest with a few bombs thrown in for good measure. The fire power of such an attack group is tremendous: It will carry 252,000 rounds of machine-gun ammunition which can be fired at the rate of 7,600 rounds per second from 500 machine guns. It can carry more than ten tons of demolition or fragmentation bombs.

It is the job of the pursuit pilot to protect the attack and bombardment planes from enemy aircraft, and if he is to do his job with modern equipment it means that he will have to have a plane flying some 250 miles an hour in order to do it well. The pursuit pilot is the cavalryman of the air. He must be able to do all forms of aerial acrobatics practically instinctively, as they are part of his regular work. He must be able to operate at all altitudes and to keep his head with the plane in any position. Of course he has the benefit of oxygen for high-altitude work. However, even with this, it is no picnic.

Radio has come to be a very essential part of our equipment. All of our personnel are required to be familiar with its workings and we use it not only from air to ground and from ground to air but between units in the air: We use both the telegraph and the telephone. All these have almost reached the point of indispensability as an aid to navigation.

Pursuit pilots are still trained and constantly kept proficient in individual combat, which was the big part of air fighting during the war. Air duels are conducted in training exactly as they would be in active service, and the results checked (Continued on page 49)



BOXING COMES of AGE

By Thomas E. Donohue

Commissioner of Athletics, State of Connecticut

Professional Fisticuffs Has at Last Earned the Right to Be
Called the Manly Art of Self Defense

ONE day in the late '80s I took the afternoon off from my job as brakeman, used my pass and went to New York. I wanted to see a professional boxing match. It was an obscure curiosity; I could not have told what inspired it. Back in New London most of my friends would have considered it a depraved curiosity, too. So I told nobody where I was going except one friend who was equally depraved. From him I carried a letter to a New York sporting writer, reporter for a daily newspaper.

It took influence to get into a "prize fight" in those days. In most States the sport was prohibited. A subterranean game it was, conducted by the half world, meagerly patronized by furtive groups of the respectable.

Arriving in New York that day, I presented my letter. The reporter sent me to Greenpoint, Long Island, where I made sheepish inquiries for "Pete Hart's Pavilion." Presently I was directed to a long, shed-like building almost adjacent to Calvary Cemetery. Somebody relieved me of two bits and asked which fights I wanted to see.

"What fights you got?" I asked him.

"Dog-fights, cock-fights and man-fights," he replied wearily, lighting a Sweet Caporal.

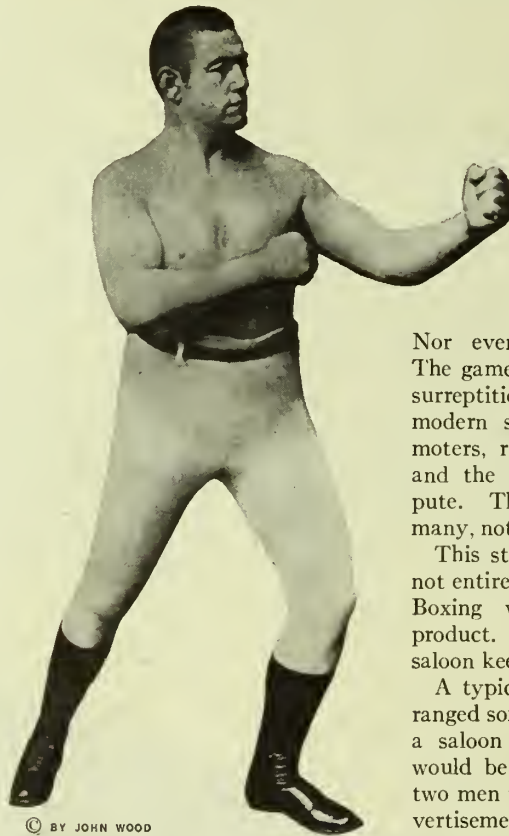
I saw the man-fights. Ever since that interesting night, I have been an enthusiastic follower of boxing.

Today, I can admit it. Nobody thinks any less of me for it. But in the late '80s boxing for pay, dog-fighting and cock-fighting were on the same social level. Clergymen linked the three in denunciatory sermons. Pete Hart knew his business.

The professional boxers of that day were not addicted to Shakespeare. If they could read at all, they were satisfied with the *Police Gazette*. And the qualities demanded in them were much the same as those sought in dogs and poultry. They must never quit while they could stand on their legs, and solid, durable legs they needed. They must be able to inflict terrible punishment, and to withstand terrible punishment.

This sounds as if the boxers of that time were completely brutalized. But put it in a different way: What they needed were the qualities of courage, endurance, strength, speed and skill. That doesn't sound so bad, does it?

Of course such men were not recruited from the best families.



John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy of the bare fist era of pugilism. It was Sullivan who said "I c'n lick anny man in the house" and, though it's a laugh today, one of his admirers actually said "I shook the hand that shook the hand of John L. Sullivan!" and proudly meant it

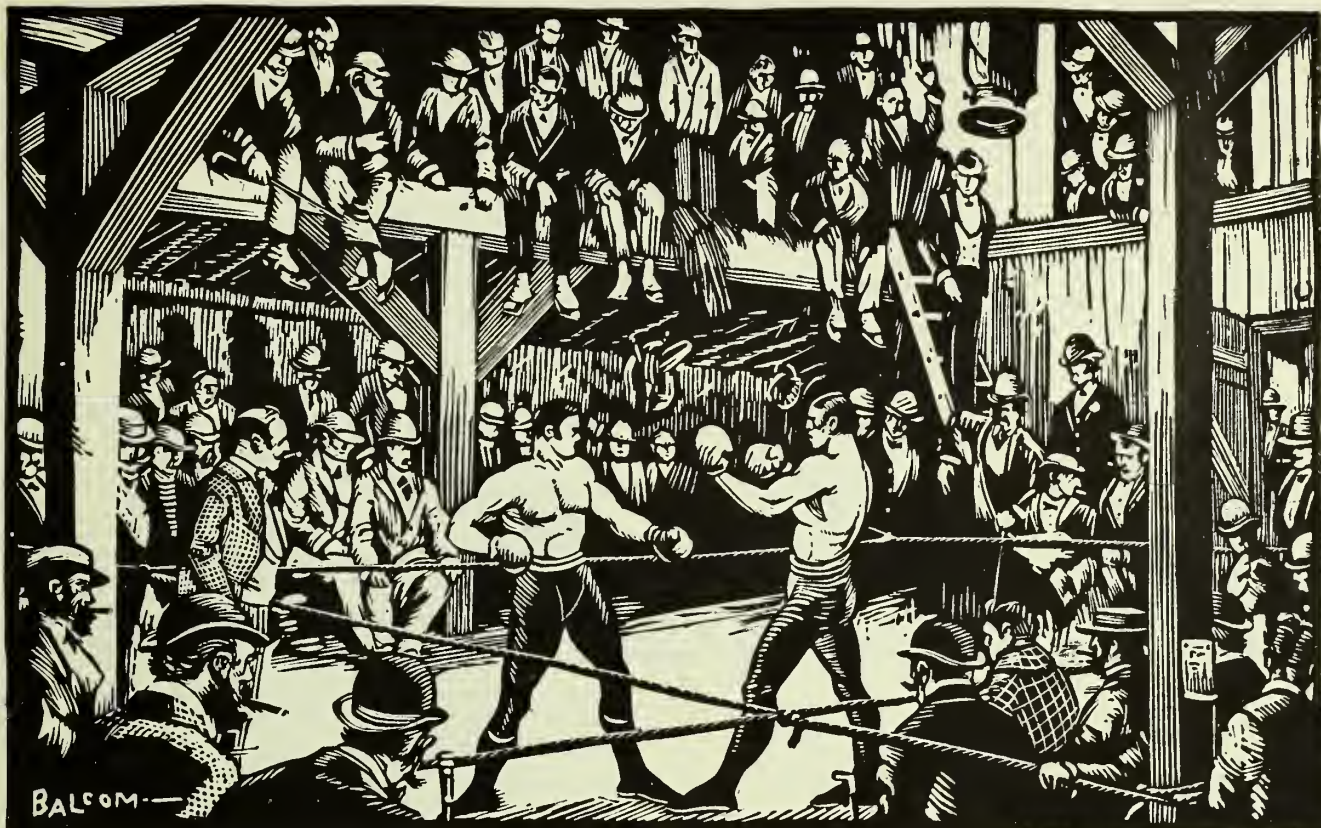
Nor even from solid middle-class families. The game wasn't run that way. It flourished surreptitiously. The rules were cruel, by modern standards. Boxers, managers, promoters, referees, seconds, trainers—the camp and the camp-followers—were held in disrepute. There were some exceptions, but not many, not more than from any generality.

This status was either cause or effect—I'm not entirely sure which—of the liquor business. Boxing was apparently an alcoholic by-product. Most promoters and managers were saloon keepers.

A typical contest of the time would be arranged something like this: Dorgan would have a saloon on one corner. Delaney's saloon would be diagonally across the corner. The two men were in keen competition. As an advertisement, Dorgan would persuade some prize fighter of the region to use his back room for training quarters. Dorgan would become the boy's manager. Honest John Something-or-other, the head bartender, would be trainer—prescribing liberally of beer and ale; it "built a man up." The boxer would "train" for his next bout, offering to box anybody in the neighborhood for fun, money, marbles or drinks on the house during the process. Dorgan would profit by huge sales of beer and whiskey.

The training was largely an evolution of superstition. The idea was prevalent that raw meat made a man strong and savage. But most superstitions are founded on forgotten experience. So boxers eschewed tobacco—except for chewing—and they did a great deal of sparring. They drank considerable beer and ale, but they went without whiskey just before their bouts.

Most of the Dorgans of that day presently inspired their rivals to start up in competition. The Delaneys also went out and got fighters to use their back rooms, becoming managers themselves, appointing bartenders as trainers. One day there would



Linoleum Block by Lowell L. Balcom

be a demand for battle between the rivals. Arrangements were made. The boxers went into training on musty ale and raw steaks. Perhaps the agent of the brewery, perhaps some neutral saloon keeper would act as promoter. If the political administration of the moment were at all lenient, a big field would be hired. If boxing was in disfavor, and it generally was, the battle would be driven under cover. Tickets were sold only to men known to Dorgan and Delaney. Some barn, no doubt, would be hired, and in another county, perhaps another State.

On the appointed evening, the barn would be lighted up by kerosene lanterns hanging from walls and stanchions and rafters. Ticket-holders would perch themselves in the hay mow, on the farm machinery, on wagons, on horse and cattle stalls. In the center of the barn, where hay wagons ordinarily stood, a ring would be pitched. One or two ropes would be stretched around four bare posts. A neutral bartender, or perhaps a reporter, would be the referee, somebody of equal neutrality would be time-keeper. The two boxers would crawl through the ropes, shake hands, put on gloves (as a rule, not always), hear a bell and begin to flail away at each other.

Sometimes the number of rounds would be limited. Under the old London prize ring rules, a round ended when somebody went down. If he could get up in a minute, the fight went on. Battles up to 100 rounds have been recorded. Yet it never occurred to anybody to check up on a boxer's health. Men entered the ring with weak hearts, with tuberculous lungs, with broken bones and torn ligaments. Too often, they left the ring on a shutter. Perhaps the sport deserved the reputation for brutality it then enjoyed. But in those days college football was lethal, too; the boys who played were infrequently examined by physicians. Football also came near to abolition at one time.

Theoretically, professional boxing was prohibited almost everywhere. But it survived. And I think it survived because it met a valid need of society. It is one of the most conclusive of sports. It tends to satisfy the natural inclination of men—and women too, for that matter—to enjoy victory even if the enjoyment be vicarious.

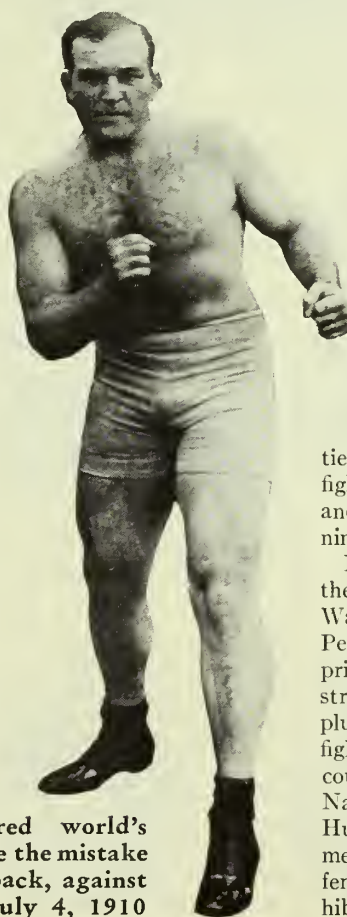
Toward the end of the nineteenth century, prize fighting got a little boost toward respectability. John L. Sulli-

van, first acknowledged American world heavyweight champion, stirred the nation's patriotism. Losing the championship, John L. see-sawed between bucolic retirement in a Boston barroom and a blatant advocacy of abstemiousness. His occasional lapses into temperance convinced thousands that prize fighters weren't all bad.

And his successor, James J. Corbett, wore an aura of gentility. He was "Gentleman Jim," looking the part and intelligently acting as he looked. Corbett could meet people. Came Bob Fitzsimmons, a little man with a soporific punch, to add the element of romance—David and Goliath. Jeffries fed our patriotism by whipping Fitzsimmons, who after all had come here from Australia. But when Jack Johnson whipped Jeffries,

stirring up racial animosities all over the country, prize fighting took it right on the chin and went down for the count of nine.

Perhaps the game was saved by the liberty bell—by the World War. The qualities so valuable in Pete Hart's Pavilion are especially prized in a soldier. Skill, speed, strength, courage and endurance, plus discipline, make the perfect fighting man. The Army encouraged soldiers to box; the Navy encouraged sailors to box. Hundreds of thousands of young men were instructed in self defense. Millions saw boxing exhibitions, (Continued on page 40)



Jim Jeffries, retired world's champion, who made the mistake of trying to come back, against Jack Johnson, on July 4, 1910

POTABLE POTTAGE

An A. E. F. Messkit Cocktail

By Wallgren



EASY *on the* INITIALS, *Please*

By The Old Timer



that the initials be forgotten, and they have been, ever since.

In Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, where MacNider's father, the son of a Canadian immigrant, began work as a farmhand, Hanford farms eight thousand acres, including those his father plowed for eight dollars a month. The MacNider residence is one of Iowa's show places, a great rambling stone affair, faithful in all its details to the traditions of American colonial architecture. The Hanfords, the family of Colonel MacNider's mother, are Connecticut folk from before Bunker Hill. The house is furnished in early American, the fruits of a quest that has taken Hanford MacNider into every antique store between Des Moines and Bangor and many a cluttered New England attic and cellar. He knows his Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Currier & Ives and the rest, but when he spots a piece he wants, unless his wife is along, he just reaches for his check book. This is one way of collecting, but not the most economical way. It is not Mrs. MacNider's way.

In the attic of the MacNider homestead is a full length portrait of the colonel in uniform, medals and all—the kind of a picture that belongs over the living-room mantel of a country house. It was painted at the MacNider house in Washington when the sitter (or standee, in this case) was the Assistant Secretary of War. The artist was with MacNider at Harvard, from where he went to Paris, grew a beard, served in the French army and looks more French than a Frenchman, except that he is six feet, two inches tall. He is an all-right painter, too. Any MacNider house is like a hotel, there are so many guests. With one such transient the artist discussed his problem. It would be easier to paint MacNider's face in repose, he said, but he wanted to paint it in animation. "Have you noticed that when Jack warms up to something his whole countenance changes? There is a buoyancy, a brilliance, an infectious enthusiasm there that

Since the close of his term as National Commander in 1922 Hanford MacNider, banker and farmer, has had a career of public service that included three years as Assistant Secretary of War. He is now Minister to Canada

tells why he started as a second lieutenant and finished as a lieutenant colonel."

The painter endeavored to put this into the portrait. The result did not suit MacNider.

"It looks like General Custer," he said when his friend had departed.

The Assistant Secretary was told that he did not have as much hair as General Custer.

"Well, then, it makes me look like a candidate."

Hanford MacNider has been a candidate only for the office of National Commander of The American Legion. He was elected in 1921 a month after his thirty-second birthday, and immediately began the fight for the Adjusted Compensation Bill that placed him in opposition to the leaders of his own political party and a majority of his financial bed-fellows. MacNider had been one of the original movers of this legislation. Although it did not pass during his administration, it does not detract from the credit due any other Legionnaire in that long fight to say that in my opinion no one contributed more toward the eventual enactment of the Adjusted (Continued on page 59)

THE first time Hanford MacNider's name appeared in *Who's Who in America* it was followed by a roster of his war medals, and it took some persuasion to get him to let them stay there in succeeding editions.

When the same gentleman in the course of a few years was named Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Dominion of Canada he began to appear on official lists at Ottawa as Colonel the Honourable Hanford MacNider, D.S.C., C.L.H., C.G., M.M.S. After a little secret diplomacy to make sure that no offense would be taken he asked

IN THE WAR AGAINST DEPRESSION, THESE POSTS
WENT BACK TO GRANDFATHER'S DAY TO PROVIDE

WINTER RATIONS

IT WAS not so long ago, measured by generations, that every man's house was really his castle. Grandfather, who came through the Civil War, did not live in an apartment building or a house that rubbed eaves with the houses of his neighbors. Even if he lived in a populous city, his house was very much his castle, and out around it ran a fence that gave him a feeling of security that would have been no stronger had the fence been a castle's moat. For the fence circumscribed a domain that made grandfather independent in time of depression. The wolf of want might be prowling, but grandfather tended his garden and fruit trees, guarded his chickens and cow, and in proper time did his harvesting. When winter came his cellars were filled with barrels of potatoes and apples, with shelves loaded heavily with jars and cans of fruits and vegetables. He always knew where his winter's rations were coming from, even when times were hard and the future was dark.

Grandfather's day has gone forever, and we could not, if we would, recapture it in all its glory, but here and there throughout the country American Legion Posts have undertaken to provide winter rations after the fashion of grandfather's time.

Out in Nebraska five hundred service men rallied under the leadership of Legion Posts to raise vegetables which could be stored for winter food, and, as chronicled in the Monthly's pages Auxiliary units everywhere have conducted community canning kitchens to provide families with winter's supplies. In almost every State, too, Legion Posts have operated farms and gardens in which winter foods have been grown and harvested.

In smaller communities, these farm and garden projects have not presented many difficulties, for in many of them, despite the present-day lack of elbow room, gardening and farming on a small scale have been carried on by countless families even when times were good. But Albany, New York, is a populous city, and when the Albany County Committee of The American Legion set out last spring to help citizens raise their own vegetables for this coming winter, the Albany Legionnaires had to work as pioneers.

Manning Grimes, County Commander, writes that as a result of the Legion farm-gardens in Albany, four hundred persons have winter stores of vegetables which they obtained by their own efforts. In addition to these stores, they were able to have on their tables last summer urgently needed seasonal vegetables.

"Ours is, I believe, the largest strictly-Legion development for food raising in New York State," Mr. Grimes says. "It has been conducted without overhead, without charges against the workers, without unwieldy com-

mittees. When we set about our enterprise last spring, we found that the welfare work we had done during the preceding winter brought to our assistance other organizations.

"The city welfare department made available large tracts of prepared land. The women's garden clubs presented seed and fertilizers. The Legion assumed the task of supervision. Individual plots of 2,500 square feet were laid out. There were sixty-one plots at the beginning, each worked by a family of from three to twelve persons. There was scepticism concerning the practicability of the experiment, but when the earliest results were observed we had more applications than we could fill—so many that in our plans for next year we are arranging for a minimum of two hundred families.

"The gardens brought new hope to many men who had been long unemployed. Some had been subsisting only with the help of grocery and meat orders paid for by city funds, and they gained new confidence. Offers of glass jars for canning, stoves, and personal supervision by women experienced in food preserving have



Manning Grimes, Commander of Albany (New York) County Committee, and Past County Commander William F. Toole inspect a prize tract in the farm-garden project which has provided winter vegetables for families of unemployed men

Big shots at the summer camp on Shriner Lake conducted by Fort Wayne (Indiana) Voiture of the Forty and Eight for city boys urgently in need of fresh air and plenty of food

greatly helped us in completing our program.

"As we go ahead with our plans for next year, I'll answer inquiries from Posts which may want to take up the farm-garden activity."

Rochester's Day

IN THE presence of leading Legionnaires of its State and thousands of citizens of its own community, William T. McCoy Post of Rochester, Minnesota, formally received The American Legion Monthly's Employment Trophy at a ceremony held in Mayo Park in mid-August. The statue, executed by Robert Aitken, noted American sculptor, was placed on view as Richard Paul of Massachusetts, National Vice Commander, Oscar Youngdahl, Commander of the Minnesota Department, Earl V. (Pat) Cliff, Minnesota's National Executive Committeeman, John T. Winterich, editor of The American Legion Monthly, and other speakers paid tribute to the Rochester Post's many-sided employment program which had won for it the award for which more than 10,000 Legion Posts were eligible to compete. Talking films were made of the ceremonies, so that the presentation scene in Rochester was later shown on motion picture screens throughout the country.

Post Commander Jack Feller and Mrs. Burton Ballou, President of the Post's Auxiliary Unit, introduced the speakers, while the trophy was accepted on behalf of the Post by William Fitzgerald and Mrs. Sigmund Cysewski, Post and Unit employment chairmen. Abe Kapplin of Duluth, Department Employment Chairman, in an address called attention to the fact that Minnesota, sixteenth in membership, ranked third in The American Legion in point of number of jobs found for unemployed men.

"The beautiful statue, which Legionnaire Robert Aitken fashioned and which will tell to future generations of this community's whole-souled efforts to care for its own in difficult times, is a symbol of the kind of spirit we like to feel typified in America," National Vice Commander Paul declared in his address.



"The spirit that flamed on the battlefields during the war and the spirit of the good people of Rochester are the same."

When Money Couldn't Talk

MONEY became scarce in Union, South Carolina, early in the depression, but it became scarcer this year after ten of the eleven banks in the county closed their doors. This fact, however, didn't prevent Union Post from increasing its membership to 416, of whom 268 were enrolled personally by J. J. Collins, Post Commander, according to Department Commander Harry M. Arthur, a member of the Post.

"Mr. Collins had to revert to the old system of barter when the bottom dropped out of the bottom hereabouts," writes Mr. Arthur. "He has enough cord wood on hand to last him a year, and he took in so many eggs in exchange for membership cards that he could have staged an Easter Egg Hunt for every child in the city. One oldtime member living in the country was hard-pressed for ready cash but he did have a litter of pigs. He got his card and Mr. Collins got a pig. This idea took hold, so that at last report seven pigs were getting fat at Mr. Collins' place."

The Iowa Way

IT may not be a prosperous winter in Charles City, Iowa, but everybody will manage to keep warm and have enough to eat, thanks to Marshall A. Shannon Post of The American Legion. R. B. Waller, Legionnaire of St. Paul, Minnesota, reports these observations:

"Each of 152 men who applied for aid in Charles City was given a job working on a farm at twenty-five cents an hour. With Legion co-operation, the county rented a 42-acre tract of fertile land. Each morning at 7 o'clock



SHADE FOR

1950

An army of high school boys launched an American Legion tree planting program in Louisiana this season which will continue ten years. Here is one detail getting on the job at Franklin, Louisiana. In the first month, 36,459 trees were planted along 350 miles of highways, according to Wilbur P. Kramer, Department Vice Commander



the workers checked in at the office of a Legion timekeeper. They worked until 11 a. m., took an hour out for lunch, and then worked until 4 p. m. Legionnaire Paul Auranger, instructor in agriculture in the high school, guided the work. When fall came, there were 100,000 cabbages, 3,500 plants bearing tomatoes, twenty-two acres of potatoes and acres of other vegetables for canning. By fall, too, 2,000 cords of firewood were ready for distribution.

"Now here is the crowning feature of the plan: This fall, a cooking school was conducted and wives of the 152 workers were given special instructions in canning. The produce was canned and pro-rated among the families.

"The pay of the workers from public funds was no more than what the county would pay normally for relief. Rent of land was nominal. Farm equipment and machinery were donated. There was no cost of supervision."

Air Minded

WHEN Miss Marion Davies presented to the Aeronautics Committee of the California Department \$2,000 to provide university scholarships for five high school pupils who had won principal prizes in the committee's aviation essay contest, attention was directed to an unusual program which the committee has carried

out this year. The gift of the film actress recognized the committee's accomplishment in inducing citizens of the State to take interest in commercial flying. Legionnaire Joseph L. Fainer added \$500 to the amount contributed by Miss Davies. Thousands of pupils in all parts of the State wrote essays on the subject "Commercial Aviation—Essential to Our National Defense." The writers of the five prize-winning essays were brought from their homes in Carpinteria, Point Loma, San Francisco, Sacramento and Kern County by airplane for presentation ceremonies held on the flying field at Burbank. The prize winners were also transported home by plane.

"The essay contest is only one of our activities this year," reports Chairman Norman M. Lyon, who belongs to Aviators Post of Los Angeles. "In our two air membership roundups more than a dozen planes touched over fifty cities and towns and ceremonies were held at each place visited. Membership cards were carried to Department Headquarters. It is estimated 25,000 members were signed up early as a result of this effort.

"The committee has sponsored twenty-five air shows throughout the State, the largest at Bakersfield where 50,000 people viewed the spectacles. The final project of the committee for the year is the observance of Aviation Night by every California Post."

For the Hungry

EACH year since the war, Santa Ana (California) Post has provided a fireworks display as the big feature of its Fourth of July celebration, but this year no rockets soared and no dazzling Battle of the Argonne took place in front of grandstands. Instead, one thousand unemployed men with their wives and children found Fourth of July a welcome relief from denial when they were guests of the Legion Post at a barbecue. The funds the Post saved by not giving its fireworks display, it spent to help men and women who were really hungry. The Post provided lots of entertainment also, according to Post Adjutant Arthur Ecklund.

San Bernardino (California) Post sends word that it is still providing food for hundreds of families through a variation of the usual canned-food-donation plan which hundreds of Legion posts have used. On designated days householders place on the porches

of their homes donations of one or more cans of meat or vegetables. Boy Scouts in uniform collect the cans and place them at depots, from which they are hauled in trucks to the store which the Post maintains for their distribution. Ten thousand cans were collected the first day. Fifteen hundred families have been aided, according to Post Adjutant H. M. Burck.

Friend and Neighbor Post

GEOLOGISTS browsing among rocks formed millions of years ago find the fossilized remains of many animals which they recognize as belonging to a group with the alarming name of tetrabranchiate cephalopods. They were animals which lived within their own shells. Only one member of the order—the nautilus—goes along today in the same old way, living within its own pearly walls. In the near-extinction of a once-vast family, Nature may seem to teach the folly of seclusion or exclusiveness.

Albany (Georgia) Post might have lived within its own comfortable shell, had it wished. The four hundred members of the Post might have been satisfied to reserve for themselves the clubhouse and golf course they have built, but it isn't that kind of Post. The fifteen thousand people of Albany know that Albany Post has thrown its clubhouse open repeatedly and that anyone may use the Post's greens and fairways by paying a slight fee.

Over the whole State has spread the fame of the Post's annual Easter Egg Hunt, according to Bob Kelsey, editor of the *Albany*

Harry E. Everist Post of Mankato, Kansas, provided a floodlighting system to make its baseball field possibly the best in any town of 1,500. Both night baseball and football games are played



Legionnaire. Five or six hundred children take part each year. Dances are held periodically during the winter season and the Post's Community Christmas Tree is an institution. When the Legion began its war against unemployment, Albany Post was leadoff post in Georgia. Another activity which has won friendship of the community for the Albany outfit is its essay contest in which medals were awarded to children who wrote the best compositions on Americanism. This year the Post conducted the Department junior baseball championship tournament, entertaining teams from many Posts.

Radio Job Auction

“WHEN I call off the number of the first man, which I'll do in a moment, tele-

phone us here at National 8,000—National 8,000—and tell us that you have a job for him, tomorrow or next day.”

This was the wind-up of a job auction by radio which The American Legion conducted in the District of Columbia, and, according to Sam Rose, National Radio Officer, it marked the beginning of one of the busiest periods ever in the history of a certain section of a Washington telephone switchboard. When the radio announcer had given the number of the first man for whom a job was sought and had told about his qualifications and family status, five telephone calls came in within five minutes. Before the broadcast was over, jobs had been obtained for fifty-nine men.

This first radio job auction was followed by a series of others, all of which, Mr. Rose reports, have (Continued on page 61)



DOWN *at SEA* in FLAMES - *and Then?*

Fourteen Years Is A Long Time to Wait for the
Last Paragraph of a Dramatic Incident of War Days



A pick-and-shovel soldier aboard a transport saw this hydroplane make a forced landing in 1918. A gob on the destroyer whose boat crew went to the rescue showed the soldier the above picture fourteen years later

REMEMBER those days of the war when reading matter was always at a premium and a fellow would even read and enjoy the home town papers of one of the other fellows from an entirely different part of the country? And remember how a magazine would literally make its way through a whole company, and how, often, you'd start to read a good story only to find that the pages containing the runover in the back of the magazine had been torn or worn away? Not so good, was it? Get all "het up" about a stirring plot, and then never learn how it turned out.

And didn't similar things occur in our actual experiences? We'd get a passing flash of an exciting air battle, or of a rescue at sea, or, possibly, see a shell explode in dugout or trench—and we had to keep moving along without learning the end of the story. Strange, isn't it, that even to this day at some Legion meeting or convention or some outfit reunion, these delayed happy or sad endings are often related to us. Want an example? All right:

A short time ago a letter came from Mrs. Grace Darby, Auxiliare, and Recreational Aide at the United States Veterans Hospital in Lincoln, Nebraska. With her letter she sent the picture which you will see above, and two interesting interlocking accounts written by two veterans who almost fourteen years after the war met for the first time, as patients in that hospital, even though their trails had crossed in 1918. First we'll listen to Legionnaire Fred A. Elder of Aurora, Nebraska:

"Veterans of Company L, 21st Engineers, who sailed from

Hoboken, September 6, 1918, will no doubt remember two incidents that happened while we were aboard the transport *Manchuria* en route to France.

"The first occurred the evening of the first day at sea, when a hydroplane that had been escorting our convoy caught fire and landed on the ocean just as it was turning to fly back to its base. We knew that the aviator was alive when he hit the water as he sent up some flares. The destroyer on the left of the convoy turned and went back toward him. The convoy sailed on and the plane and destroyer were soon out of sight. The next morning the destroyer was back in her place.

"Later, during the same voyage, a strange ship crossed ahead of us and after an exchange of signals between the cruiser leading our convoy and the same destroyer already mentioned, the destroyer started in pursuit of



the stranger. The latter took to her heels and tried to escape but was brought up short by a shot from the destroyer across her bow. The convoy sailed on.

"Until I entered this hospital I have wondered a lot just how these two incidents terminated. Now I know the answers, since entering this hospital and meeting A. H. Nomer, ex-engineer, 1st class, U. S. N., a fellow patient."

And now we introduce A. H. Nomer of Madrid, Nebraska, and let him finish the story:

"Regarding the 'destroyer on the left' about which Elder tells, its name was the U. S. S. *Walke* No. 34, on which I 'turned to' as an engineman.

"The first incident—that of the plane—terminated through our boat crew rescuing the aviator. He came down because his gas tank had caught on fire. Our boys took fire extinguishers along but the fire was too well started to put out and about five minutes after we rescued him, the gas tank in his plane exploded. The aviator went on across with us. A picture of the actual rescue is enclosed herewith.

"Now for the second thrill of that trip. The strange ship was a Norwegian ship that claimed to have left port without the international code flags. Our engineering officer, Mr. Fleming, and a boat crew boarded her after we had stopped her flight, and investigated the crew and cargo. They furnished the ship with necessary flags and warned the skipper not to leave port again without proper means of communication."

A long wait for the end of the stories? Well, it was worth it. And now perhaps the rescued aviator may step up, identify himself and tell his side of his experience. That would make it even better.

THERE'S no getting away with any misstatement, no matter how innocent, in this veterans' forum of ours. A case in point: Jacob S. Laul of Fugle-Hummer Post, living at 20 Sylvani Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey, is given the floor:

"In the June issue there is a picture of a party given to the Peace Conference Honor Guard by President and Mrs. Wilson at the Palais Murat in Paris.



"This tea party was not a one unit party, but included besides the members of the Honor Guard, the drivers of automobiles, telephone girls, of whom there are three in the picture, and also French officers.

"I was driver of one of the official cars and our group was composed of picked men, too. I hope this will give some of the other boys and girls credit."

And with reference to the same story, James S. Hudec of 3241 East 116th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, wrote us at great length. From his letter, we lift this:

"In the June Monthly appeared an article purporting to extol the efficacy of the first detachment of the Peace Conference Guard, known as Number One.

"More power to them. However, you can see that their service in that capacity was short-lived. To the best of my knowledge they departed during January, 1919.

"I was then at an Infantry Candidates School at La Valbonne and when camp broke we were dispatched to St. Aignan where after a short stay a Peace Conference Guard Number Two was selected and we departed for Paris, arriving about February 12th. President Wilson was not there but we awaited his return and then took up our duties of guarding the Presidential party.

"After the Peace Treaty was signed, we departed, boarded the *George Washington* at Brest, and the sight that greeted us upon the arrival of the Presidential party at home was one I will never forget.

"I would like to hear from former members of Guard Number Two."

WHILE on the subject of special units in the A. E. F., we call attention to the accompanying picture sent to us by Legionnaire Allen D. Dixon of Oil City, Louisiana, and



The cream of the crop—the Composite Regiment of American soldiers organized during 1919—parading in the Pershing Stadium near Paris on July 4th of that year. It paraded also in Paris, London, New York and Washington



Wash-day at the Mare Island Naval Training Station in September, 1917. It shows that the gobs, under their own power, had to come clean before going on shore leave

suggest you hear his story about it. Pull up your chairs, everyone:

"How many veterans and Legionnaires recognize the enclosed picture? It was taken on July 4, 1919, when the Composite Regiment, America's crack Army outfit, better known as America's Parade Regiment, entered the Pershing Stadium near Paris, during the Inter-Allied Games.

"The Composite Regiment was organized in May, 1919, in Germany and contained two companies each from the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regular Army Divisions. The men were all supposed to be six feet tall and the best-trained men in the Army. We camped and were trained on the banks of the Rhine, three kilometers below Coblenz, Germany, for about six weeks, and about the middle of June ordered to Paris.

"Following the parade in the stadium, we paraded in Paris on July 14th, Bastille Day, led by General Pershing himself. Then to London, England, for a parade on July 22d, when we passed in review before King George and Queen Mary. Back to Paris on July 25th. We left on August 10th for Brest, France, staying there until August 31st, when the regiment embarked on the *Leviathan*, and sailed on September 1st.

"Arriving in New York on September 8th, we went to Camp Mills, Long Island, and paraded in New York City on September 10th. Thence to Washington, D. C., where on September 14, 1919, we paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue, passing in review before President and Mrs. Wilson. After that occasion, the regiment was sent to a demobilization camp and split up.

"I would like to hear from men of the Composite Regiment, especially those in Company M, or men who served in my earlier outfit, Company C, 53d Infantry. Some of these comrades might be able to help me with my claim."

HAVING been during the war only a landlubber of a doughboy whose contact with the gobs was the trip over (British merchant marine men, then), and on the trip home (the well-manned crew of the *Leviathan*), we're sometimes put on the spot in connection with contributions from ex-gobs who are prone to tell too little about their experiences in support of unofficial snapshots submitted. That means research in our reference library and in this instance to "The Bluejackets Manual, U. S. Navy, 1917." So if we're wrong, don't hesitate to correct us.

But first let us get to the basis of this matter. Ex-World War

warriors of every branch should enjoy the picture we display, showing that gobs, too, had their menial tasks to perform. The picture is the work of Frederick A. Requa of Cassville (Missouri) Post of the Legion and we'll let him tell his story first:

"I thought the enclosed picture, taken by me with a postcard-size camera I had in service, would be of interest to the Gang. It was snapped at Mare Island Naval Training Camp, California, in September, 1917, and in the group are Charles Ray, Leroy Thomson, Joe Barns, Samuel Jonson, Benny Thomas, Tom Watson, Harry Thomas and George Lockhart. I can't remember the names of the rest of them. They were all members of my training outfit, the 23d Company.

"I enlisted in the Navy on May 23, 1917, discharged June 17, 1919, re-upped on December 7, 1920, and got my second honorable discharge on December 6, 1922. I put in two years on the U. S. S. *Buford* after the Armistice was signed and helped bring back some of the colored soldiers to Charleston, South Carolina, and also some of our other soldiers. I had made three or four trips before that on a ship that was put into commission in New York and went to France for guard duty.



"The picture showing some of the men washing their own clothes was taken at a time when the men in camp were getting ready to go on liberty.

"I also served two years on board the U. S. S. *California*. She is a real battleship and she surely is a bear."

Now for the enlightenment of our fellow doughboys and for the purpose of arousing the memories of our

brother gobs, let us see what the manual I referred to tells us about the laundry activities in the Navy. From a question and answer section of a chapter devoted to "Events in the Daily Routine," we lift the following:

"Q. What is done after the decks are wet down?

"A. If it is a morning for scrubbing, the boatswain's mates

pipe and call, 'Scrub and wash clothes'.

"Q. How are clothes scrubbed?"

"A. They are laid flat on the deck, soaked with salt water, soaped and scrubbed thoroughly. . . . After very thorough scrubbing with brush, be very careful to wash thoroughly and remove all soap, as it can be plainly seen in blue or white. . . ."

And farther on:

"Q. What does the word, 'Scrub and wash clothes' mean? That is, is it optional or not for a man to scrub?"

"A. It is a positive order for every one having soiled clothes in his bag to scrub them.

"Q. How often are clothes scrubbed?"

"A. As a rule, clothes may be scrubbed every morning except Sundays and holidays. Clothes will not be triced up while going in or out of port, nor during the firing of salutes. . . ."

All of which proves to us doughboys, who had to do our laundry work in French creeks—when we did it at all—that a sailor's life was not always a happy one.

We talked with an ex-gob on our staff and learned that evidently the scrubbing of clothes on the deck was on the wane, since he stressed the importance of the sailor's individual wash pail, a prized piece of equipment used for washing either the face, body or clothes, over which many a high-powered scrap resulted during the war. Probably some of the navy home-laundrymen could enlighten us as to these wash-pail free-for-alls.

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations will be listed in this department provided information regarding them is sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks before the month in which the activity is scheduled.

Timely notices follow:

FOURTH DIV. ASSOC. OF N. Y.—Annual Armistice dinner and reunion, Nov. 12, Hotel Lafayette, 9th st. and University pl., New York City. All 4th Div. men. Thomas Fox, Box 382, Brightwaters, L. I., N. Y.

FIFTH DIV.—New Jersey Camp organized. All 5th Div. men, residents of State, report to Wm. Teitelbaum, 645 Adams av., Elizabeth, N. J.

SEVENTH DIV.—Copies of standard edition *Seventh Division History* available. Five dollars. Addison B. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

10TH DIV. ADV. SCHOOL DET. (28-29-30 F. A.)—Letter reunion. W. A. Blackburn, Herington, Kans.

27TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20-22. (Note change of dates.) Write also for *The Orion Messenger*, to C. P. Lenart, Capitol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Proposed branch chapter in California. William Rubsamen, 5014 Mt. Royal dr., Los Angeles, Calif.

30TH DIV.—Photographs, training scenes, parades, home-coming, etc., wanted by E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark, who is compiling divisional history.

35TH DIV. VETS. CLUB, CHICAGO CHAPTER—Men in Chicago area, write to John T. Major, 5104 N. Leavitt st., Chicago.

37TH DIV. ASSOC., PHILADELPHIA DIST.—Meeting in American Legion building, Philadelphia, first Thursday of each month. C. J. Reid, 4544 N. 11th st., Philadelphia.

RAINBOW (42n) DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your national association magazine. Send name and address to Editor, 1213 Sonora av., Glendale, Calif., for free copy.

91ST DIV. ASSOC.—Compiling Washington State roster. Report to Jules Edward Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

4TH ILL.-130TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Sixth annual reunion, Newton, Ill., Oct. 1-2. Joe E. Harris, Paris, Ill.

78TH INF.—Proposed reunion. John S. Pyle, 334 Bakewell bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

107TH INF. POST, AMERICAN LEGION—Annual reunion and dinner, 7 p. m., Sept. 29, Hotel Astor, New York City. Walter V. Flynn, comdr., 27 Madison av., New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 63)

Something for pipe smokers to think about!

ABOUT the year 1864, farmers began to grow what is known as White Burley Tobacco. A few casks of this tobacco were taken to the St. Louis Fair in 1867 and sold for 58c a pound.

White Burley Tobacco is used to make Granger. This tobacco is the best pipe tobacco that grows.

You will notice the difference as soon as you light up your pipe of Granger. There is a most pleasing aroma. It burns slower, and every smoker who tries it says that it smokes cooler and never gums a pipe.

America's pipe tobacco



YOU CAN DEPEND ON A LIGGETT & MYERS PRODUCT

Blankville Sees It Through

(Continued from page 15)

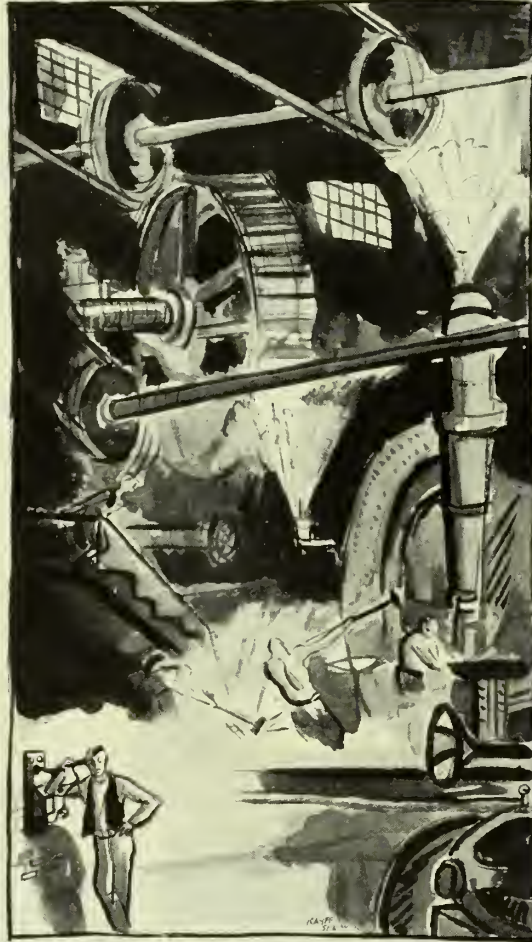
on. In the payment of debts it becomes increasingly difficult to restore dollar for dollar, and the result is bankruptcies, bond defaults and informal settlements predicated on the debtor's ability to pay what he can. So closely knit is our economic fabric that the losses thus sustained are distributed around until everyone is hit. Production continues to shrink, unemployment to grow, savings dwindle and disappear. In the most fruitful land on earth the struggle against want becomes an everyday matter.

This does not make pleasant conversation—or pleasant writing, either. Some people begin to despair and blame those filling the thorny seats of responsibility—whether in the Government, in industry or in finance. It is at this pass in certain earlier depressions that there have been riots and bloodshed. It is at this pass that radical political and economic agitators have attracted their ephemeral followings. Last winter was a hard one. Barring a miracle next winter will be worse; one might as well look a fact in the face. In cities and some manufacturing towns preparations are being gravely made to cope with crowds which might otherwise get out of hand—as they have done, temporarily, in the past. In our legislative halls and public forums generally much constructive work is being done, but there is also considerable rocking of the boat by the sponsorship of “remedies” whose unsoundness has been proved by experience a hundred times over. That does not prevent their being regarded in some quarters as absolutely certain to bring back prosperity. Their enactment into law would slow up the natural economic processes of liquidation that are bringing recovery nearer.

Two months ago I mentioned these things to a wise man of large affairs, who knows, I imagine, about as much as anyone knows of what is really going on. “All quite true,” he said, “but that is only one side of it—the dark side. Do not judge the country by what you hear in the cities and by all means forget the stock market. Take a stroll along Main Street, and you will find that Main Street has quit talking, has buckled down to making the best of things as they are until the turn comes. This will keep the boat steady.”

Proof of these remarks overtook me unsought. A fortnight after the conversation just reported found me in New Orleans. Business was quiet, and one heard some depression talk, though not as much as in the East. En route home I had promised to stop off and visit an old friend for a couple

of days. I stayed ten days and departed regretfully. The fishing and swimming was good and the society agreeable, but another thing that kept me there was the fact that I do not recall an instance during my stay when the depression was mentioned unless I introduced the subject. Yet the visible marks of the times were more obvious than in most places I have been



**“I can’t hear you, chief,—
wait’ll I shut the window”**

during the past three years of depression.

Some of the particulars that follow are so intimate that I shall disguise names and places, but to those who will penetrate this camouflage I offer in palliation of my behavior the hope that this recital may prove a tonic to others as it has to me. Blankville is an old Southern town of ten or twelve thousand not far from salt water. A few of its family fortunes date from the era when rice plantations on the rich, wet lowlands made the countryside prosperous before the Civil War. Changed labor conditions after the war and importations from the Orient gave the rice industry a blow from which it never recovered, but lumbering took its place, building more fine homes—great, galleried Southern

palaces surrounded by flowering grounds like parks. Lumbering had no sooner gone into a decline from a scarcity of timber than oil was discovered near enough for Blankville to reap a share of the rewards.

In this manner bounteous nature provided for three generations. There was no growth in the size of Blankville commensurate with its growth in wealth and culture. Nor did its people stray to cities to live in the numbers that small-town inhabitants sometimes do when wealth enlarges their horizons. Young folk went away to school but came home to marry and build homes or move into one that became theirs by inheritance. The result is a maze of relationship at which I threw up my hands, falling back on the broad generalization that every third person I met was a cousin, at least, of my host or hostess.

My hostess met me at a station twenty miles away to save a change of trains. Her husband could not leave the store, she said. She drove an automobile that had cost \$3,500 five years ago. I suppose that the chauffeur was performing another errand with the “first” car. At the house a bent old Negro, born in slavery, laid down a grass rake and lifting his hat began to struggle with my bags. I was shown to a bedroom downstairs and my hostess said that if I would be ready in a few minutes we would pick up Sam at the store for lunch. We drove to the store and thence to a large residence, which the owner, an elderly widow, had turned into a boarding house.

With no reference to the depression Sam mentioned that they ate only breakfast at home now, and that he had to hustle back to the store to relieve his one clerk. Three years ago he had four clerks, and used his store more as a place to meet his friends than as a means of livelihood. He was a stockholder in one of the banks, had some oil holdings and a farm. He still has these things, but the bank stock has paid no dividends for two years, the oil wells have been producing at a loss and the farm has barely made taxes. I did not learn all this during lunch, of course. It came out gradually, as it also came out that the upstairs of their home is closed and the household staff reduced to one servant, without pay, who simply declined to relinquish her duties. She occupies the servant quarters which, Southern fashion, are in a small house detached from the main residence. The old yardman and another former servant also live there. Sam has turned over to them about half an acre to raise garden

truck to eat and to sell. These vegetables with the fish they catch and a dollar now and then from Sam keep the "quarters" going.

Thus, after three years of depression, Sam cuts his garments to fit the cloth. Normally I imagine Sam calls himself worth \$100,000 and before the depression spent about ten thousand a year on his household, though these figures are guesswork and the estimate of his principal is doubtless too low. Nor is this boom-made wealth. Sam's father had money and his wife's father owned a bank. This is the first time in their lives they have been pinched. The candor and absence of complaint with which they have reduced their scale of living to meet the situation is worthy of note, however easy it may be to say that there are plenty of people worse off than they are.

In the homes of many of Sam's friends similar economies were in force and the heartening part of it was their practice before me, a stranger, without apology and without comment. One evening we sat on a porch discussing the presidential campaign. My friends are all Democrats, but I heard President Hoover's responsibilities discussed with as much sympathy and understanding as I have heard them discussed in Northern cities by Republicans. One man said, "I think he has done as well with a hard job as anyone would have done and better than most." I relate this not for its political significance, for it has none, but as an example of calm thinking, when calm thinking, not hysteria, is required to shorten the road to recovery.

Thus far I have spoken of the economic class who are employers of labor, and upon whose prosperity, or return to prosperity, the well being of the larger class of workers depends. Sam and his friends may be in reduced circumstances but life is not an actual struggle for the necessities of existence—food, clothing and shelter—as it is for the jobless wage earner of Blankville as elsewhere. Of every ten men employed in Blankville in 1930 perhaps one has his regular job today. The one lumber mill, lone survivor of the once dominant industry, is closed, the paper mill on half time or less. The nearby oil field is all but shut down. In this situation the laboring men and their families are doing exactly what Sam is doing, living on the resources that still remain to them.

From the train I had noticed men, women and children fishing in every river, creek or pond we passed, and supposed the occasion to be some local holiday. I learned that the occasion was merely the hard times. The breaks are never all against the human race, and a kindly providence has filled the waters with fish this year as they have not been filled in a long time. I know this to be true, for if I can catch fish anyone can.

The climate is another favoring factor. For eight months of the year a family can camp out and there are plenty of cut-over lands to (Continued on page 40)

LAW for SUCCESS

BUSINESS MEN everywhere recognize one formula. It consists of three words—"LAW FOR SUCCESS."

And it isn't necessary to practice law to get this success. In fact, probably most of the men who study law today have no idea of taking the bar examination or becoming lawyers—they want law training to give them mastery of men and situations in business fields. You know that—

- (1)—the man with legal training is a leader—not a follower.
- (2)—legal training keeps your mind—clears away the problems that stump the ordinary fellow and makes you master instead of man.
- (3)—knowledge of law simplifies the complexities and complications of executive work.
- (4)—many, possibly most, top executive places in business today are filled by men who have studied law.

No matter whether you're in a big corporation or a small business—in a great city or a little town—a practical knowledge of law cannot fail to be of real and vital help to you in making a more successful career.

At home—in spare time—you can acquire legal training—properly

equip yourself—either for the degree of LL. B. or for a greater success in business, whichever you prefer.

Law Training—at Home—in Your Spare Time

There is no investment in the world likely to pay a higher return than an investment in law training.

In otherwise wasted hours—at home—nights—with LaSalle guiding you—working with you—step by step—you can acquire a sound legal training.

In every state in the Union, you'll find law-trained men who came up through LaSalle. What others have done you can do.

And LaSalle offers either a full law course leading to LL. B. or a shorter business law training—whichever you prefer. All text material including valuable 14-volume Law Library. Training comprises the most effective features of modern law instruction. Cost very low—terms mighty easy.

Send us your name today for our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books—they're free and enable you to adequately judge for yourself. Don't put it off—every day counts.

A Salary of "\$10,000 or More"

"In looking over the field," writes a prominent Eastern manufacturer, "I find that nearly all the positions commanding a salary of \$10,000.00 or more are filled by men who have studied law."

Many great corporations, for instance the C. & N. W. Ry. Co., International Paper Co., Standard Oil of New Jersey, Packard Motor Co., Anaconda Copper Mining Co., Mutual Life Insurance Co., are headed by men of legal training.



This fourteen-volume law library is the basis of LaSalle legal training. Prepared by outstanding law professors, supplemented by all necessary material and backed by a thoroughly competent and experienced staff of law instructors.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

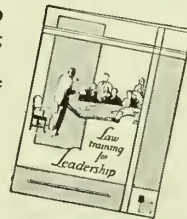
Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 10361-LR CHICAGO

☐ Law Degree of LL. B. I would like to have full information about your law training, together with copy of "Law Training for Leadership" and your booklet "Evidence," all without obligation.

Other LaSalle Opportunities: LaSalle opens the way to success in every important phase of business. If more interested in one of the fields indicated below, check and mail now.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Chain Grocery Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy | <input type="checkbox"/> Paper Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management |



free!
mail
coupon
now

Name _____ Present Position _____

Address _____ City _____

Blankville Sees It Through

(Continued from page 39)

camp in. Hundreds of families were doing it, and anyone willing to till an acre of garden truck can obtain free use of cleared lands, a gift of seeds and the loan of tools. Small game is plentiful, and with game, fish and the garden no industrious person will starve. Our pioneer ancestors proved this under greater handicaps and in harsher climes two hundred years ago. Indeed the sight of some of these families, living in the second-growth woods, brings to mind a clearer conception of the daily life of the frontiersman than can be had from a library of books. I saw one family that had made habitable a log cabin that I took to be a relic of lumbering days. I was told that the father was a tool-dresser by trade, who had followed the oil fields. He and his brood had evidently been in the cabin all winter and were preparing for

another winter. A flock of white chickens pecked about the yard and in the back were two shoats in a pen.

A representative of the Blankville relief committee, whose funds are subscribed by Sam and his friends, includes the campers on his rounds, and helps them when they require it. I asked if there was much faking in an effort to get aid without working for it. Very little, he said. I asked about next winter. "Well," he said, "we're hoping that the price of oil will permit a little more activity in the fields, but if it doesn't we'll get along. We got along last winter, and learned something by it." "Anticipate any trouble?" "Trouble?" repeated the relief agent with a puzzled expression. "Yes—disturbances—riots, if you want to use a bad name for it, such as they have had in other depressions." "Mister," said the

relief agent without a smile, "I reckon you're joking."

In New York I related the experience to the wise and informed man to whom I have previously alluded. I wish I had permission to use his name. It is a name most readers of these lines know, and one that would inspire confidence.

"In the United States," he said, "are ten thousand Blankvilles, each meeting its own problems in its own way through the employment of resources which two years ago they did not know existed. This means that the human crisis of the depression has been mastered. The material crisis, meaning liquidation, thus has a clearer field to work itself out by the operation of natural economic processes, which may seem distressingly slow, but are as inevitable as gravity."

Boxing Comes of Age

(Continued from page 27)

saw that the contestants weren't brutes, but skillful, quick, self-reliant athletes. America learned the values of boxing, and the thrills of it. In the A. E. F. a young Marine named Tunney was picking up odds and ends of knowledge. At home, Jess Willard, having knocked out Jack Johnson, had soothed racial prejudice.

Returning from war, the soldiers and sailors wanted to see more boxing. Laws were passed, legalizing the sport. Under perhaps the first law of the kind, I became a boxing commissioner of the State of Connecticut. In other States, commissions were appointed to insure the physical and social purity of the game. By supervision, it was hoped to drive out the lawless element, to give the sport of boxing a standing comparable to that of other sports which had benefited more from the ancient prejudice in favor of the amateur than from any native superiority. Boxing, having fewer amateur advocates of attainments, had been suffering from what I believe to be an aristocratic prejudice.

Today, boxing is big business. A retired heavyweight champion lectures at Yale, hobnobs with a Pulitzer prize-winner, marries into the Social Register, becomes a major on a governor's staff. The man from whom he won the championship associates with the rich and powerful. When he arrives in a town, no All-American half-back could be received with half so much enthusiasm.

Socially, a professional boxer is accepted for his social qualities. His profession reacts against him no more than would the profession of teaching or playing golf. If a boxer can talk well, can use the

right fork, can hold up his end financially, he is welcome to the social affairs of brokers and bankers. If he is a thug, he remains welcome among thugs. Fewer boxers than ever before are thugs today. Some are tough at heart, but hardly any is tough in conduct. They cannot afford roistering. They must live clean lives, and 99 percent of them do. I'd be willing to take the names of a dozen "prize fighters" out of a hat containing a list of 500. Then I'd be willing to take that dozen out for an intellectual examination against a dozen professional golfers, baseball players or hockey players similarly chosen.

And yet people are forever asking me, "What's wrong with the fight game?"

I dislike to attempt an answer until I've made it clear that we are not to discuss the "fight game," or prize fighting, but the profession of boxing, as it has been legalized in most States. And when I do answer, I can say, "There's nothing wrong with the fight game that cannot be cured. And what may be wrong is transient. In law and ethics it's almost a new institution. It is still in the pioneer stage. While—as with all groups of pioneers—there's a rowdy element, it's being driven out. There's nothing wrong with the fight game fundamentally, and the superficial wrongs are being eliminated just as fast as honorable, intelligent men can find them."

Certainly there remain racketeers in the business of boxing. There are racketeers in the newspaper business, in the cleaning and dyeing business, in the contracting business, the banking business, the theatrical business. Recently they discovered a racket in the library business, up in Massa-

chusetts. If there is half of one percent of truth in "Elmer Gantry" there are racketeers in the theological business.

But racketeers are being cleared out of the boxing game, and almost as rapidly as they seem to be intruding on other occupations. The old-type of bartender trainer, bar-keeper manager is disappearing. Granted that we have a multiplicity of speakeasies; modern boxers are too intelligent, they put too much value on condition to train in speakeasies, even if such training were practicable.

Boxing suffers very considerably, however, from a hang-over of journalistic opinion. Some of our best sporting writers can recall what are erroneously termed the "good old days." They remember the Dorgans and the Delaneys, and the Honest Johns. By momentum of habit they go on poking fun at pugilism and all its works. Given a latitude in criticism which ordinarily is reserved by a newspaper to its editorial page, they liven their columns by wit. Unfortunately for boxing, many sporting writers are genuine humorists. They are especially apt in epigram and epithet.

"The manly art of modified murder" is a contemporary "synonym" for boxing. It's funny, but it would be as true of football, lacrosse, hockey or automobiling. When a sporting writer recently referred to me as the "Potentate of the Padded Poke" he got a laugh. For once, I could laugh myself; the jibe did no harm to boxing. But few jibes are so harmless.

It also is unfortunate that many old-time sporting writers remember that old-time boxers and managers finding the pro-

fession unremunerative, pieced out their purses by gambling. The result was incentive to cheat. Too often, fights were "fixed." The odds-on favorite would pretend to receive a blow on the chin. Then he'd fold up like a wildcat bank. His manager would collect heavily. Remembering many such incidents, sporting writers today are frequently inclined to a scepticism which is almost never justified.

It no longer pays to fix a match—that's the principal reason. Even if it did, modern conditions of boxing would be a preventative. The rings are better lighted; almost anybody at the ringside can tell whether the boys are trying, whether one of them has been hurt. (I use the word "hurt" as boxers use it, meaning that a contestant has been hit in such a manner that he temporarily loses some of his skill or power. He almost never is hurt so that he feels pain.) The reporters themselves can tell if contestants are not trying. As to the referee—he *knows*.

Granted that there remains occasionally incentive to fix a fight, the chances of apprehension are too great. It is more the rule to investigate an honest fight than to discover the least symptom of dishonesty. Whenever a remote hint of fixing is made in a State where boxing is under control of political authority, an investigation is held. It is very much like a court. Witnesses are heard. The defendant may, if he chooses, hire a lawyer. There are arguments as well as testimony. Since suspicion of fixing almost inevitably is voiced before the crowd has left an arena, it is almost inevitable that the purse is withheld from participants until a genuinely judicial decision has been made as to the integrity of that particular match.

Another thing: Boxing enthusiasts themselves are rather too willing to believe that the game is crooked. Why they pay to see boxing and then swallow such bunk I cannot tell; that's a problem for the psychologists to debate. I only know that people will forget the hundreds of good honest bouts they've seen to debate endlessly about some affair that was suspected of dishonesty but which—nine times out of ten—was honest anyhow.

Whenever anybody tells me that such and such a fight has been "fixed," I like to ask him who would be interested enough to fix the fight. These days, boxers are fairly well paid. The preliminary boys get an average of about \$10 for each round they're supposed to fight. And their matches are too unimportant to attract gamblers. As to the finalists—even in small-town exhibitions, they will make from \$200 up. Successful boxers—those who fight finals in cities of 100,000 or more people—attract purses which I think must average at least \$1,000. No crooked gambler is likely to tempt such a successful business man as a boxer who can earn \$25,000 a year by ordinary decency. And the boxers so popular as to earn that much are almost the only ones with followings ardent enough to stimulate gambling. (Continued on page 42)

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — *by Timmins*

1

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE THIS ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS



2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA



3

A MONTH LATER *he found out*

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!



4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY



5

NO "B.O." NOW

to spoil his chances

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

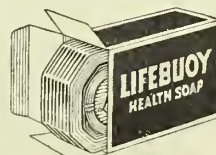


Don't let "B.O."
(body odor)
bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 6210 Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost. (This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)



Boxing Comes of Age

(Continued from page 41)

Fifty years ago the purses were smaller, gambling was proportionately more important. John L. Sullivan would have fought almost anybody for \$1,000. As much—ten times as much would be bet on him. Today, a heavyweight champion wants hundreds of thousands of dollars to enter a ring. Who can afford to bribe such a man? Fifty years ago, a preliminary bout would pay the winner five dollars, if he was lucky. Few preliminary boys today but get \$25 or more per fight; the average perhaps exceeds \$50. At Madison Square Garden, the cost of preliminary bouts sometimes runs into the thousands of dollars.

Such prizes attract young men of more genuine ambition. Boxing is no longer the last refuge of the plug-ugly. Many good pugilists have been developed in the Y. M. C. A., in the Y. M. H. A., in clubs fostered by Catholics, Protestants, Jews and by non-sectarian organizations of the most altruistic intent. Some boys earn spare-time money and have considerable sport boxing in preliminaries. If they show promise, they graduate into the semi-finals, finally into the star bouts and to incomes which many bank presidents would be glad to receive. Nor is their period of activity unduly brief; Jack Britton has been fighting for a generation. A man who takes care of himself can box at top form during a period of perhaps fifteen years.

IT MAY be objected that boxing mars a man's appearance. Eventually it makes him "punch drunk." Doctors have told me that the fellows who act punch drunk always did. I know that some of them—mostly of the older generation—look and act stupid because they are stupid and always have been. They are not stupid because they've been hit so often. It's the other way around: They were hit often because they were stupid. This variety is rapidly disappearing from the ring.

With them is going the fighter whose broken nose, cauliflower ears, guttural voice and slouching carriage were once the stigma of the profession. Such fighters are generally survivals of the back-room days. Their teeth are missing because they had none of the rubber protectors which are now so universal. Their nubbins noses evolved from years of careless treatment of bloody beaks. They trained without the precautionary headguards which intelligent boxers use today; eventually their ears swelled up and looked like cauliflowers, or maybe like cabbages. Their faces—those of the old-timers—were scarred. That was because old-time boxers used to rub the heels of their gloves into each others' faces. The lacing made scratches, made the blood flow.

Gene Tunney is a good example of your modern fighter, and he is not the rarity

that many believe. Look him closely in the face; there's no sign of the prize fighter. Tommy Loughran looks as much like a bond salesman as he does like a boxer. Some of our best recent boxers have been downright handsome—Jack Delaney, for example.

But the old-timers, with their cauliflower ears and no backs to their heads are more conspicuous. They have the nuisance value of the occasional drunken sailors I see in my home town, New London. Let a sailor come off a submarine in uniform and lap up a little Bank Street booze and he's a marked man. Before the beach patrol carts him away to the brig, he's given the impression that sailors are a drunken lot. Meantime, a thousand sailors walk the streets of New London, just like all the other New Londoners, and nobody knows about them. Neither do people recognize the ordinary boxer when he appears in public. Out of the ring, he's just like anybody else. Only the exceptional boxer can be identified in walking clothes. He's a poor exception to a good rule.

Nobody can be in better health than a well-conditioned boxer. He neither drinks nor smokes. He is apt to read a great deal; it's good for the nerves. He is apt to play golf, and rather well. He may be married, like Jack Sharkey, and live the life of the "country squire," which reporters say Sharkey lives on his place near Boston. He may live modestly, like Bat Battalino, the featherweight champion, or he may live with equal modesty but with rather more of the spectacular to his comings and goings, like another Connecticut champion of whom I'm proud, Major Tunney. But he's rather apt to be a decent, law-abiding citizen, going to church at least as often as the average of young fellows his age, contributing generously to his family's support, participating in patriotic movements to stimulate local pride, to make his home town better.

IN THESE days, it's difficult for a boxer to behave differently and be successful. The rules are pretty strict. I know, because I've done my share to make them. Since I went on what was probably the first boxing commission—of three members, since reduced to one, myself—I have observed a consistent improvement of boxing in all its manifestations. Even the crowds are better.

Time was when the crowds themselves broke the law in order to see a boxing match. Being within the law, the crowds today are more law-abiding in all respects than the old-timers.

Some time ago I talked to an officer who was on duty at an important match in the New Haven arena. He told me the crowds were always "medium orderly" at boxing matches, and other officers bowed con-

firmed to what he said. They should know.

"At their worst, they're just anxious to get into good seats. If they see vacant seats nearer the ring than their own, they'll try to sit there. They aren't always willing to wait until the management, closing the box office, tells them they can move up. That makes it hard for us fellows.

"They aren't so orderly as the football crowds we see at the Yale bowl, but they're no more disorderly than baseball crowds get when a game is close and important and a decision goes against the Profs. I guess we have as much trouble from a big golf gallery as from a fight crowd.

"How do they compare with the hockey crowds? Swell! At hockey they throw pop bottles; these fellows don't throw things; they don't want to fight; they only want to see the fights. Seeing takes the fight out of them, maybe."

IT'S my own opinion that boxing crowds reflect the entertainment they're offered. Go to a cheap, trite, poorly acted, poorly directed movie and you'll see a cheap crowd, chewing gum, talking, sneezing, coughing, walking on one another's toes. Go to a good picture, or a good play, and you'll see a cleanly, well-mannered crowd.

When there's a good boxing match on, I frequently take my wife, or my daughters, or the whole family, wife, daughters, sons. I'm sure none of them has ever been insulted, or even shocked by rough language. It wasn't like that in Pete Hart's Casino.

Today, our best people like the sport. Former Governor Trumbull loved to go to boxing matches in Connecticut, even as governor, and nobody ever said he had detracted from the dignity of his office. His successor, Governor Cross, made Gene Tunney a major on his staff.

Decent, capable men like these two, interested in boxing and boxers, find that boxers also are decent and capable. I shall always remember with gratitude the spontaneous out-pouring from all classes when we had a benefit in Hartford to build a children's building at the State Fair Grounds. More than 3,500 people paid from three to five dollars admission. Boxes sold for \$50, \$75 and \$100. Governor Trumbull was there, and Tex Rickard and William Muldoon and James A. Farley. The United States Coast Guard Band furnished music, and so did the Mendelssohn Male Chorus of forty voices. Jack Sharkey, Kid Kaplan, Jim Maloney, Jack Delaney, Paulino Uzcudun, Johnny Dundee, Mike McTigue, Honeyboy Finnegan were there—they came voluntarily, out of spontaneous generosity, to attract others by their presence, and to help the children of Connecticut.

Just what may be seen at a modern boxing match? What is the quality of the

sport? What is the quality of the boxers? These questions are frequently directed at me—generally, it seems to me, by people of the old-maid school teacher type.

Well, if you attend a modern boxing exhibition you'll miss nothing that was fine in Pete Hart's pavilion. But you'll miss the rest. There will be no ale-trained plug-uglies to battle unlimited rounds on a hard plank floor. There will be clean-limbed young athletes instead. Their health has just been attested by a reputable physician. These opponents will not be mis-matched at catchweights; they will be about of a size, and not far apart in the item of skill. There will be no bar-keeper managers and bartender seconds in their corners, but capable men who make a business of handling boxers. The referee will be chosen not alone because he is neutral, although that remains a prerequisite, but because he is fearless, fair and competent.

These things are insured in Connecticut and in most States by a license system. Boxers, managers, seconds and referees are licensed. The matches must be sanctioned. The licenses are precious because they are necessary in the State of issue, and because they are qualification for licenses in other States. They are doubly precious because revocation or suspension of a license in one State almost automatically brings down the same penalty in other States.

Under this system, I believe Connecticut in ten years has done much to stimulate popular interest in boxing. Hundreds are following it who were never interested before. In clubs, schools and colleges, in Y. M. C. A.'s and even in church parish houses, boxing gloves are among the most popular gymnastic equipment. These amateurs are building strong bodies. They are learning the desirability of clean living.

In my belief also the legalization and regulation of boxing in Connecticut has improved the quality of the sport as it is practiced professionally. Certainly, men from Connecticut have enjoyed at least their fair share of success in the ring. Here are four names in proof: Jack Delaney of Bridgeport, Louis Kid Kaplan of Meriden, Christopher Bat Battalino of Hartford and Lou Brouillard of Danielson. Handsome and colorful, Delaney in his prime was the light heavyweight champion of the world. Kaplan, not long ago, won the world featherweight championship only to give it up because he had to graduate into the lightweight class; he was too heavy to make the weight with ease. Shortly after Kaplan gave up his title, Battalino won it back for Connecticut. Only recently, 20-year-old Lou Brouillard, who has been fighting professionally for less than two years, won the world welterweight title.

I'm proud of these four world champions, given by Connecticut in less than a decade. They and hundreds like them are exemplifications of the qualities of speed, skill, endurance and courage. Admirable qualities, these, and certainly not contaminating to those who may observe them.



"This was a Super-X day, Bob, ... they were flying too high for the shells you were using"

DAYS when they're flying high are Super-X days... made to order for this long range load!... What if the ducks aren't decoying? ... What if they do circle and circle your blind—out of range of ordinary shells? ... You can reach up and get them with Super-X!

The wildfowl season is nearly here. This year prepare to take the long range shots. There's sport aplenty in every one of them. Roast duck for your table—if you shoot Super-X!

Instead of stringing out along its line of flight the shot column of the Super-X load holds together in a concentrated mass, even at the longer ranges. At 60 yards approximately 80% of the effective pellets are bunched within a space of only 8 feet! ... There's the reason for the long range killing power of Super-X—made possible by a patented, scientific instrument—the FLIGHTOMETER—invented and used exclusively by Western.

Capt. Charles Askins' interesting booklet, "Super-X—The Long Range Load," describes in detail the many advantages of this remarkable shell. The booklet will be sent free, on request, with leaflets on Western Xpert, Field and Minimax shells for upland game and trapshooting. Just write—

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
1068 Adams Street., East Alton, Ill.
Branch Offices: Jersey City, N. J., San Francisco, Cal.

SUPER-X LUBALOY—Sportsmen who want a super-fine duck load are shooting Super-X "coppers"—a special Super-X shell with golden, Lubaloy (copperized) shot. They give you even shorter shot strings and longer effective range than the best chilled shot loads.



Western Super-X

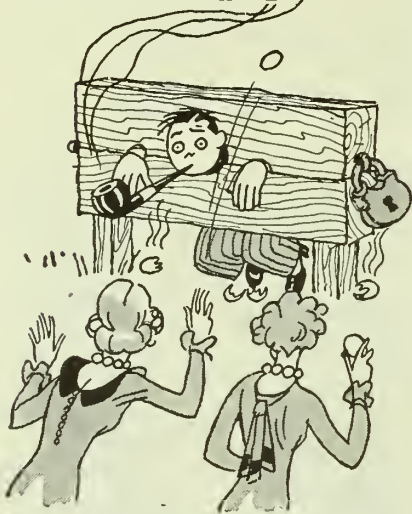


The most widely used repeating gun among duck hunters. Over 1,500,000 Winchester Repeating Shotguns in use. Model 12 is an outstanding value. Standard grade is priced as low as \$47.90, including tax.

THE LONG

ARM OF THE MARSHES

There ought to be a pillory for potent pipes



THOSE Salem witches were innocent lambs compared with this erring brother. He smokes a pipe that smells like the village smithy. Yea, verily, someone should tell him about smoking *good* tobacco in a *good* pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's mild and flavorful blend of Burleys is a splendid example. It's full bodied. Try Sir Walter Raleigh and you'll never be recommended for the potent pipe pillory, even by the most sensitive dames of your village.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. A-210



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

The False Equation

(Continued from page 13)

real war with Mexico. Bandits raided our borders, slew and burned, and this whale of a nation floundered in shameful ineptitude. In 1916 suddenly there was a call to action.

The National Guard regiment to which I belonged was among those hustled to the Border. We reinforced and rescued a remote and isolated little Regular Army company of only thirty-five men all told. The captain told me that for months his soldiers had actually only one cartridge apiece. They had slept on their arms, literally. When they turned in at night each soldier lay down with his rifle at his side, expecting an attack at any moment, and prepared to fire his one cartridge, do his best with the bayonet and go out—not in a blaze of glory but in a sputter of futility. Such infamous neglect has always been the portion of our soldiers up to the actual outbreak of hostilities.

Despite the multiplying evidences that we were doomed to be dragged into the World War, nothing could be done to arouse the public. I remember engaging in an excited debate with a pacifist, who declared that the horrors of the war in Europe were teaching us the evils of war, the curse of preparedness and our good luck and wisdom in keeping out of it. I replied hotly that the very horror of the war was what would drag us into it and that we would pay dearly for our insane determination to neglect every precaution. It was not long before we were in it up to our necks, and we were compelled to ask our Allies to hold off the enemy for a year or more before we could contribute men. We never did get our matériel ready until the war was over.

We came out of the war with magnificent resolutions never to be caught napping again. At last we had an establishment scientifically organized against any future embroilment, guaranteeing us that we should never be found unready again. Everything was skeletonized for swift expansion. Mobilization plans were in readiness. Reserves were organized.

Everybody knows how short-lived the reformation was. It was not surprising to read recently that our military defence has been whittled down and down, and that there is today a very critical situation in the matter of ammunition. The supply on hand would soon be exhausted and we should have to wait a year before we could begin to manufacture new supplies. The crucial danger about munitions is that it takes so long to make the machinery that makes the munitions. It takes almost no time to turn out thousands of rifles once the machinery is ready, but it takes a year or more to make ready to make the first rifle.

The institution of the Officers Reserve Corps was a noble plan to keep our trained experts in training, but it fell swiftly under

the disfavor of the pacifists and in 1931 less than a quarter of our reserve officers were able to have as much as two weeks' training, since it was impossible to secure sufficient appropriations to extend the advantages of the Citizens Military Training Camps to any considerable proportion of the officers.

This year the record has been far worse. For a time, indeed, it looked as if there would be no training camps at all. By abolishing the camps a saving of two and a half million dollars would have been achieved and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the axe was checked. The chairman of the House subcommittee had actually proposed the entire abandonment of military training camps, but a billow of protest frightened off the supporters.

The bill in which this was a feature included also such devastating measures as the dropping of 8,000 enlisted men and 2,000 officers from the Regular Army, the drastic curtailment of officers' camps and even correspondence work among the reserve officers, the ending of all salary raises and promotions for Army and Navy, the reduction of cavalry mounts to 700 horses, the reduction of National Guard funds and a practical paralysis of all military efficiency.

The American Legion was aroused and forwarded to President Hoover a warning and a protest that "the so-called hand of economy has placed its fingers upon the throat of our Army and Navy and is slowly strangling them to death."

The Legion's National Defense Committee demanded an increase instead of a diminution in the military and naval resources.

The strength that was felt to be at the minimum of safety in 1920 would not suffice for the increased population and wealth of twelve years, yet even that minimum of 1920 is not now kept up and any proposal to fall still farther away from it is suicidal. The Legion rightly denounced the policy as "false economy" and called for reductions in other fields.

The extravagances and meddlesome interferences in the liberty of the citizen have been increased to a ruinous extent while the bare necessities of public security have been ignored.

The Legion's protest was heard and the raid of the bulwarks of safety was checked at least for the moment, but the gnawing away is increasing. Of course the acuteness of the depression and the desperate effort to cut down the crushing burden of governmental expense gave some show of excuse for desperate measures.

But national poverty is only a temporary explanation for the neglect of elementary defence. In the height of the boom times the same spirit raged. The reserve had an increasingly difficult time to secure ap-

appropriations enough to keep it alive. Reserve officers were denounced as monsters of bloodthirsty ambition. The R. O. T. C. was assailed as a vicious effort to instill murderous principles in the heart of youth.

The pacifists called and still call for total, one hundred percent disarmament; for the absolute abandonment of every least resource against a foreign enemy. They assert that the one way to disarm the foreigner is to disarm ourselves first; that the one true protection is helplessness.

The pacifists have become nudists. While the courts have refused citizenship even to elderly women who have refused to promise to bear arms under any circumstances, thousands of clergymen have signed solemn pledges to take no part in any future war no matter what the grounds for it may be. Yet nobody has proposed to exile these clergymen. Nobody has even criticized them. So torpid are our livers, so blind our eyes that we have listened to solemn denunciations of children's tin soldiers without even laughing. We have permitted patriotic songs to be expurgated, and nobody has grown angry at the insults to the heroic traditions of our soldiery.

The strangest thing about this strange thing is that it has recurred with the absolute regularity of an intermittent fever. It is as old as the nation.

It is of little moment whether we denounce the pacifists as traitors to our security or let them plume themselves on keeping us from being ruthless militarists, the same pattern is always followed. You could chart it like a commercial contour or a nurse's record of a patient's temperature.

It runs like this: Some fulminate sets off a mass of dormant war-emotion. The nation wakes up to find itself at war. It casts about for trained officers and soldiers and for equipment. The supply is practically non-existent. There is a period of chaotic hysteria, of crazy enlistment, helter-skelter organization, political preferment; Falstaff's armies go forth to blunder and disgrace while foundries and factories are improvised, and graft and profiteering flourish. Slowly and by sheer weight of numbers, inexhaustible resources, and thanks to the good luck of our position, we wear out the enemy; we make some kind of peace and call it victory. We come forth dazed and disgusted with our shameful exhibition of inefficiency in a welter of scandals whose stench resembles the bottom of a parrot cage and the taste in a morning-after mouth.

We raise our hands in solemn vows that we will never be caught in such a condition again. We acknowledge our past sins. We promise ourselves a fine, efficient Regular Army as the skeleton for any emergencies; we promise to train every citizen to be ready to do his duty when the crisis breaks; we make appropriations for great reservoirs of munitions and for our development in all the sciences of war.

Then we go back to business. We find troubles enough at the shop and at home. We hate taxes, we denounce pensions. We

turn and gnash our teeth at those peacocks and loafers of the Regular Army and Navy. We can't be bothered with arsenals and ship yards. What do we care if our rifles are obsolete and our factories are old fashioned? To hell with it. Down with war! Up with brotherly love! It ain't gonna rain no more. Why squander our wealth on umbrellas, rubbers, repairs to roofs, drains and such encouragements to future cloudbursts?

The Army dwindles, the National Guard fades out, we sneer at foreign nations that go on drilling and inventing and building forts and equipment.

We grow very ugly about something. We cease to love our neighbors. We hate our neighbors. Somebody says: "A fight might start; better look to the old gun, see if the cartridges will fit, see if they will explode at the right end of the gun." We say, "Don't be silly!"

A war breaks out. We cast about for trained officers, soldiers and equipment. The supply is practically non-existent. And so on and on, round and round like a wheel.

A glance back over our history may be interesting as a proof of this, and it might have some value.

The Revolutionary War lasted for eight years. If we had been ready for it as a result of the long piling-up of proofs that it was inevitable, we could have ended it in eight weeks. There were three million people here and all the men were supposed to be expert shots and Indian fighters. The British garrisons were small and ill-equipped and the British resources in men so small that they had to kidnap their own soldiers and buy Hessians. Their total forces sent across an ocean that required from thirty to sixty days to pass were so unimportant that we should have gobbled them up in a trice.

At the end of six years we were saved by French money and French men to such an extent that at the siege of Yorktown we furnished 9,000 men while the French furnished 31,000 men and a fleet. Cornwallis had 7,000 men.

The country went crazy with pride and joy as we did when the False Armistice filled the air with confetti. Poor George Washington knew that the war was not over and, in fact, it ran on for two years more, but he could get no attention whatsoever to his prayers for men and money enough to drive the British out of New York City and Charleston and to meet any new invasion they might attempt. He wrote the most eloquent appeals to every one of the thirteen States and he stated that the result was "not a farthing of money," "not a single recruit." He also wrote that we were shamefully dependent on the French both for cash and for men.

Such troops as we had in arms were so cruelly ignored by the States that they were indecently naked, pitifully starved. One general had a thousand men too naked to appear on the drill ground.

In Philadelphia, (Continued on page 46)

WAS

NOW

~~6.50~~

\$3.50



INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL
BUCK SKIN
JACKET

Only a few years ago you bought this identical Jacket for \$6.50. Now I smash the price to \$3.50. It's the same Buck Skin at a new low price!

30°(degrees)Warmer - 45% Cheaper

Buck Skin keeps you 30 degrees warmer inside because it is woven so tight that it imprisons the natural heat of your body. Though I have cut the price nearly in half, I assure you, not one little detail of past years is missing: The two-button cuffs are adjustable to keep out chill winds; the big wind-breaker collar guards your neck from snow and rain; the wool belt never loses its life; two big-fisted flap pockets. Yes sir, here is your same old Buck Skin inch for inch, stitch for stitch but for much less money.

And man, your Buck Skin will wear like saddle leather because of its secret construction; yet it always feels as soft and luxurious as the smoothest suede. "Your Money Back" is my long standing guarantee if a Buck Skin Jacket fades, shrinks, or loses its suede-like texture after washing. The Color is Buckskin Tan or Elephant Gray; button style or made with the genuine Talon Slide Fastener.

100% Waterproof Vest \$2.00

The Buck Skin Vest is a brand new idea. Waterproofed by Dupont. Guaranteed 100%. Fleece-interlining gives the body extra warmth and the arms free play. Fastened with non-rust snappers; three pockets. Color, Buckskin Tan.

Insist on Buck Skin—be sure to get the original and genuine. If your dealer is all sold out, mail me the coupon below, enclose \$3.50 for the Jacket (\$4.50 with Talon Slide Fastener) and \$2 for the Vest. I'll prepay carrying charges and send you my book "Purple Nate" FREE.

Waterproofed by



Buck Skin Joe

LUSTBERG, NAST & CO., INC., Makers
Dept. L-10, 40 Worth St., New York City
See that I get my Buck Skin at these
new low prices (Check here)
Buck Skin Vest at \$2.00 ☐
Buck Skin Jacket (illustrated) \$3.50 ☐
Buck Skin Jacket with genuine
Talon Slide Fastener \$4.50 ☐
And a copy of "Purple Nate" FREE

Neck Band Size
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐

Name

Address

STAND ON YOUR HEAD



AND APPRECIATE YOUR FEET

STAND on your head and you'll get a rough idea of the swell job your feet do for you! Feel the blood surge to your scalp's edge because of tremendous pressure of body weight. And your head, mister, has a thick, bony skull (no offense)—your feet have nothing but muscle and flesh as supporting surfaces.

Isn't it important then, that your shoes be scientifically designed to deliver maximum help to your feet; shoes that cushion your weight; shoes that gently follow every foot movement.

\$5
ALL STYLES



See your dealer and buy a pair. His name is listed in the Classified section of your phone directory under "Shoes."

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers
NASHVILLE, TENN.



The LAWRENCE
Genuine Calfskin
Black, No. 444
Tan, No. 443

FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES for Men

FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

The False Equation

(Continued from page 45)

where Congress sat, some indignant soldiers invaded the sacred hall demanding attention to their sufferings. Whereupon Congress indignantly picked up its papers, its duds and its dignity and moved over to Princeton.

Next the officers grew resentful enough to organize a gigantic mutiny of their own. They had given years of service without any pay at all, save for occasional instalments in paper money of practically no value. Their families were dependent on public or private charity. They suspected Congress of planning to leave them in the lurch altogether as soon as the war was over, and they prepared to move on Princeton and compel Congress to do them justice. Otherwise they would take over the Government, as so many armies had done before.

But Washington stepped into the crisis and implored the officers to continue their meekness under intolerable neglect. With a heartbreaking appeal that broke all the officers down till they wept like children, he pleaded with them to make just this one more sacrifice so that posterity might say, "Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection, to which human nature is capable of attaining."

They made the sacrifice; they established the precedent that American armies have never disregarded. Since then there has never been any menace to civil liberty from the armed forces. Yet then and ever since the armed forces have been rewarded by the civil powers with neglect, contempt, pitiless demands and utter disloyalty the moment the risk of war grew remote.

The Revolution ended with Europe in sullen confusion and the British so hostile that they would not surrender the western forts among the hostile Indians according to the treaty. But what did Congress do? Congress ordered Washington to discharge every officer and soldier except some four score.

An army of eighty men! We once had an army in which the highest officer was a captain and the total enlisted strength was fifty-five privates at West Point and twenty-five at Fort Pitt.

The day after Congress ordered this reduction, it remembered that it was supposed to take over the western forts, and a resolution was passed authorizing the enrolment of an army of seven hundred. This was to be organized into one regiment of eight infantry and two cavalry companies, to be made up of militia enlisted for one year, and contributed by the four States nearest. The British did not give up the posts for many a long year of bickering, and the danger of a new outbreak of war led to the ordering of another army of seven hundred to be enlisted for three years.

By 1786 the United States, with a popu-

lation of over three millions, had an army of 1,340 non-commissioned officers and privates called the "legionary corps." But it was hardly more than a paper army, for the recruits were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers to keep it anywhere near its pitiful "strength."

Very soon it was realized that there was grave danger from within as well as from without. Daniel Shays organized a rebellion against what he thought unfair taxation and nearly captured the government arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, and threw such a scare into the jealous States that he hastened their agreement on the Constitution that made one nation out of thirteen with Washington as President.

The new Government had the authority to raise and support an army and a navy. There was a War Department with a "Secretary at War" in the Cabinet. The new nation began with a standing army of one regiment of infantry and one battalion of artillery—a total of 1,283 men and officers for a population now grown to four million.

When the Western Indians inflicted on expeditions under General Harmar and then under General St. Clair disasters that overshadowed Braddock's defeat, the Army was increased to 5,156 men and 258 officers. But as soon as Anthony Wayne crushed the Indians the number was promptly reduced by twenty-five officers and 2,000 men.

In 1798 we found ourselves, after years of furious bickering, compelled to fight either England or France, or both, unless we were willing to grovel beneath the most shameful insults and injuries. Washington was called back from Mount Vernon to be Commander-in-Chief and Congress authorized first an army of 14,000, then one of 50,000. Fortunately the war resolved itself with a few scuffles at sea, and the improvised land army was not put to any test.

Immediately the Army was reduced to 4,436 men and officers, though more than a million new inhabitants had enlarged the population and the territory. In 1802 the Army was reduced still further, to 3,287.

Yet Thomas Jefferson complained of its size. Being no general, he relied on that nightmare of Washington's, the militia. Even when we were on the brink of war with Spain, he would not increase it. England's treatment of our commerce during her war with France and Napoleon's almost more contemptuous outrages on our pride once more drove us into a choice of enemies, with both well deserving attack. The Army was increased to a paper strength of a little less than ten thousand—and with us, a paper strength has always meant more ink than men.

At last the long delayed War of 1812 broke out and now it was almost impossible

to secure soldiers at any price. We had only 6,744 men in our army when we declared war on the British Empire. The true history of that War of 1812 cannot be stomachied by American readers unless we omit nearly all the nauseating details and play up a few bright spots.

Thanks to the pacifism of Jefferson and Madison and their refusal to build up a real army, we enlisted 527,654 volunteers to support a tiny Regular Army and could not conquer 55,000 British regulars, about 1,000 Canadian militia and nine thousand Indians. The treaty of peace was further humiliation. The war cost the nation \$86,000,000 and pensions of \$46,000,000 more.

With a population of about nine million we lost a war to England when she was in death-grapple with Napoleon. We lost over 5,000 men killed and wounded, had the capitol burned and suffered endless shame that could have been avoided by a respectable Regular Army of strength appropriate to the size and dignity of the nation. There would have been no war at all or a brief and glorious one if the pacifists and the procrastinators had not had their way.

Jefferson and Madison were converted now to the importance of a fine Regular Army; they chanted the praises of preparedness and announced their intention to form the establishment Washington had begged for, thirty years before.

An army of no less than 10,000 was voted—about 1,000 men to each million of population—or one soldier to each thousand citizens. There were to be line and staff officers. There were many faulty arrangements but at least there was an establishment, and the tradition of the courage and efficiency of the Regulars begins in 1816.

Five years later the weary nation cut the army in half. Ten years later the proportion of soldiers was about one soldier to each 3,600 citizens. Seven long years of Indian war in Florida and elsewhere ensued and cost the nation enormous sums owing to the dependence on volunteers and other raw troops.

In 1838 we were practically at war for the third time with England and General Scott had to say to the excited mobs:

"I stand before you without troops and without arms save the sword at my side."

The thirteen regiments of Regulars were all engaged in warding off Indian attacks in Florida or along the Western borders. Fortunately for us this war blew over, or we might have had a worse blot than 1812 on our escutcheon.

In the Indian wars of this period the Regular Army of 4,191 men had 1,466 killed. It was not known how many of the 50,000 volunteers were killed. The cost of the wars for the land forces was nearly \$70,000,000. Yet when peace was made with the Indians the Army was promptly reduced.

The Mexican War found so small a force of Regulars at the (Continued on page 48)



AN IMPORTANT MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY

THE telephone is something more than an instrument to carry your voice across the miles. It is a most important member of your family.

Faithfully, constantly, cheerfully it serves you. Keeps you in touch with friends. Stands guardian over your home. Helps to put more pleasure and achievement into life and living. And does it all so capably.

When you are moving, you keep your telephone in the old home until the last van has gone and you place the key in the lock for the final turn. You arrange in advance to have a telephone ready at the new address so there

will be no break in your contact with the world.

When a young couple starts housekeeping. When there is illness in the home. When somebody goes away. When distances are great. When emergencies arise. On all of these occasions the telephone earns its right to family membership.

Day or night, any part of the telephone company's army of skilled workers, intricate equipment, and millions of miles of wire is at your command. It is the Bell System's constant endeavor to make the telephone worth more and more to every subscriber.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



New Kind Of Can Opener

Works Like Magic!

AGENTS

Men and Women make up to \$6 and \$8 in an hour, full or spare time. Big, worthwhile commissions on every sale. Exclusive Territories. Send quick for NO-RISK TEST OFFER.

At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst., Modern Frisella, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO.
Dept. M-1008, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

How To Secure A Government Position

Why worry about strikes, layoffs, hard times? Train now for a Government job in the future! Increased salaries, steady work, travel, good pay. Open to citizens 18 to 50. I'll help you become a Railway Postal Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier—or help you get into any other Government job you want. I was a Secretary Examiner of Civil Service Commission for 8 years. Have helped thousands.

Now FREE My 32-page book tells about the jobs open—and how I can help you get one. Send the coupon for your copy today.

A. R. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert,
PATTERSON SCHOOL, 6310 Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation your free book, "How to Secure a Government Position."

Name.....
Address.....



After 55 You want INCOME that comes Cheerfully

After you are 55, 60 or 65, you want an income that comes to you regularly, automatically, and cheerfully.

You don't want to be dependent on an employer's whims, or generosity; or subject to the ups and downs of business. Nor do you care to be dependent on the bounty of your children. You want independence on your own earnings.

A moderate yearly sum paid into a John Hancock Retirement Fund Policy provides, in addition to continued family protection up to age 55, 60 or 65, a "cheerful" income for life. Doesn't it sound interesting? It is. Send for our booklet that tells what it can do for you.



JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU
197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

Please send your booklet, "Your Family—
Their Future and Yours."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

A. L. M., 10-32

PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent," and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien. Registered Patent Attorney, 2471 Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

Se//PLAYING INITIAL CARDS

Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for the new Initial Playing Cards, and our complete line of smart Bridge and Pinochle decks. Unique, beautiful; popular low prices! **FREE Samples** Send to manufacturer for free sample outfit. You can start earning money at once. Thousands doing it now. No experience required. Send name and address for full information and samples—free. General Card Co. 1201 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 37 Chicago, Ill.

WANTED! Man with Car

To Run Store On Wheels

Sell the largest, finest quality line of daily necessities from your car. No experience necessary. Hundreds now making

\$200 TO \$500 A MONTH

Our proposition is entirely different from all others. Our advertising half sells the goods for you. Premiums, samples and gifts all make business come your way. Business is permanent, pleasant and profitable.

BE A DOUBLE MONEY MAKER

Two entirely different lines, 241 items, a sale at every home. Two lines mean two profits. We will give you liberal credit. Write for details about our new proposition. **FURST-McNESS CO., Dept. 815 Freeport, Ill.**

The False Equation

(Continued from page 47)

border that General Taylor had either to retreat or advance in the presence of greatly superior numbers. He had no time to wait for reinforcement by volunteers. His courage and the quality of his troops began a series of swift successes that speedily prostrated Mexico, from which we took so much territory that the United States now reached from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Regular Army was now established at a little less than 14,000 men and officers for a country with a continental area, and a population of over twenty millions, including some of the fiercest Indian tribes ever encountered.

The Civil War was, up to its time and for its duration, probably the most stupendous war in history. The year 1860 found us with three million square miles of territory, thirty millions of people and an army of 16,367.

If a small army assures peace surely those should have been halcyon days, halcyon years. But when the break came the force was so petty and so scattered that the North could do little but watch the Southern States secede and arm, while Lincoln called for volunteers.

It took a Regular Army raised to 67,000 and 2,600,000 volunteers and militia four years to conquer the South's million-odd troops. It cost five billion dollars and more than that in pensions.

Yet the pacifists tell us that large armies make for war, and the economists tell us that it is cheap to cut down the Regulars to the vanishing point. They had their way again immediately after the Civil War. The presence of a French army in Mexico kept the numbers up long enough to scare Napoleon III back to France without a drop of bloodshed—a gorgeous answer to the claim that armies cannot aid peace. But soon the 67,000 regulars were 25,000, and their duties included policing and pacifying all the Indians of the mountains and the plains.

The War with Spain in 1898 found us with 2,143 officers and 26,040 enlisted men to a population of 73 millions. In other words our armed forces were less than four-hundredths of one percent of our population. There were no munitions for expansion. A wild scramble ensued but the nation was so dazzled by the speed and completeness of the victory that it learned no lessons. The strategy consisted of sending "raw material forward as soon as possible, thanking God for the character of the foe." Those who knew war thanked God incessantly for the fact that we fought a decrepit nation far from its shores and close to ours, and that we escaped the frightful disasters a first-class army would have inflicted on us.

The Spanish War, like the Mexican, vastly increased our possessions and planted us far across the Pacific.

With the Philippines to conquer and other problems Congress enlarged the Army in 1899 to 67,585 officers and men. Our troops took part in the capture of Peking in 1900, in which year the Army was increased to an aggregate of 100,619—on paper.

By 1904 the Army was down to 60,000 officers and men so badly paid that living conditions were harsh, and with so little money allotted that maneuvers were practically impossible. Regular Army colonels rarely saw a whole regiment at once. Generals never could collect a whole brigade at once.

Once more the Army began to drift lower and lower in public esteem and attention. Once more signs outside places of public amusement proclaimed "No soldiers admitted." In 1911 Congress actually had to pass a law forbidding discriminations against the uniform.

There followed a period when Mexican revolutions kept boiling over our borders, yet there were available only from 6,000 to 8,000 soldiers to patrol a frontier of 1,600 miles. In 1914 it was resolved to invade Mexico. There was no way of collecting an impressive force and only the internal troubles of Mexico prevented her from inflicting disgrace upon us.

After the World War had flamed for a year, we still had an army so small that of troops free for mobile purposes we had within our borders only one regiment and one squadron of cavalry and one regiment of field artillery. "There was not a single regiment of infantry in its quarters or permanent station," says Major Ganoe in his history. "When the proper deductions of the naturally stationary troops were made, there remained but 24,602 men of the mobile force of the entire Regular Army. This was a smaller actual strength than at any time since 1861. All manner of materials for war were absent. The United States had only 21 airplanes and no dirigibles, whereas France had 500 airplanes and 11 dirigibles and Great Britain 250 airplanes and 8 dirigibles at this time. . . . In the entire country, the ammunition for field artillery totaled only 5,800 rounds, or about all that would suffice for a two days' battle; as for rifle ammunition, there was enough on hand for only five days' fighting."

In 1861 we had about 25,000 troops, with a population of 32 million. In 1915 we had 25,000 troops free of garrison duty with a population nearly tripled. What a triumph for pacifism! What a proof of the value of non-preparedness! The wicked Europeans with their millions on millions of soldiers were in the grip of the most heinous war. We with our little army were at peace.

A few evil men like General Wood thought that we might be drawn into a war. They organized the Citizens Training Camps. In 1916 we were actually at

war with Mexico and had to invoke the National Guard to save our borders. A National Defense or Reorganization Act was passed to give us a Regular Army with a peace strength of 175,000 men.

Suddenly we were in the World War. Was our face red? We came out of it with magnificent resolutions never to be caught again in such a plight. The National Defense Act of June 4, 1920, gave us a peace army of not to exceed 280,000 men and officers. That "not to exceed" was never endangered.

Three years later Congress amended the 280,000 to read 175,000 and threw out of the army 600 line officers and 100,000 enlisted men.

During the late Chinese-Japanese War the American pacifists tried to show their love of peace by organizing a boycott against all Japanese goods—as soothing a gesture as hitting a mad bull in the nose with a red flag. Fortunately the project died a-borning, but for a day or two in New York war correspondents were making ready to resume business and there was a real fear of war. It would have found us with about 125,000 troops to about 125,000,000 population.

At this time we had delegates at Geneva trying to arrange for our complete disarmament. For the little junket of these peace-fanciers the hard-pressed Government appropriated \$350,000 to pay their expenses.

Congress had threatened to cut \$12,000,000 out of the appropriations for the Army. It has been estimated that if we had been prepared in 1917 we should have saved about fifteen billion dollars in a war

whose total cost will approach a hundred billion. As it is our Army is about the fifteenth in strength among the armies of the nations.

If the coachman who drove the Archduke at Sarajevo had turned another corner there would probably have been no World War. It is those eternal "ifs" that make wars. They always come unexpectedly. They have always found us shamefully and fatally unready. It is safe to say that the next one will catch us in the usual plight. All we can say is that the incessant efforts of those who enforce unpreparedness either from pacifism or parsimony have accomplished nothing except enormous wastage of men and money. Those of us who have pleaded for a little attention to the sentry lines can lay to ourselves only the flattering unction that, but for the endeavors of the few who believe in preparation, things might even have been a little worse.

Who can tell how much future loss of life, how much future disgrace, The American Legion has prevented by its recent action in frightening Congress out of cutting from the already infra-legal army 2,000 officers and 8,000 men? These officers will continue to study and teach the art of war, these men will furnish the solid, steel-ribbed skeleton for immense expansion in a time of emergency. Their mere existence in uniform is a source of incalculable benefit and security. Life in America and the free institutions of our country are safer for the salvation of that Ten Thousand from annihilation by the passionate pacifists and the icy penny-pinchers.

The Day of the Bomber

(Continued from page 25)

with the same accuracy as if the rival pilots were using bullets in their guns instead of moving-picture film. The camera gun makes a picture of the hits, when there are hits, and notes the time to the split second on the film. By this means, in case of vital hits by both combatants, we know who was first to disable his adversary.

But all of this individual work now forms the small end of military aviation, even in pursuit work, where more of it survives than in any other branch. Spectators at Barksdale Field will notice planes flying in formation more often than otherwise. Mass work has succeeded individual exploit. A pursuit group consists of three squadrons of eighteen planes each. It regularly practices open and close order drill, as an infantry battalion does and for the same reasons of discipline and smartness. Infantry terms are creeping into the lexicon of the Air Corps. A group in flight is divided almost the same way as an infantry force on the march, with its reserve, support and striking force, the latter comparing with the

infantry advance guard. In this way it goes into action, maintaining formation rather than splitting into single ship actions as during the war. Should the enemy break up this formation it is the duty of the commanding officer to withdraw his force and reform for attack, exactly as an assaulting wave of infantry would reform after an unsuccessful thrust. Spectacular individual battles are a thing of the past.

The Air Corps has become an integral part of the national defense, and many of the problems to be solved were closely related to those which have confronted military men throughout history. The infantryman was once an individual fighter who in battle picked out his particular adversary and disposed of him or was disposed of. It took some centuries to make him a mass fighter. The Air Corps has had to cover all of this ground in fifteen years, and Shreveport will undoubtedly be the scene of further evolution of air tactics, the scope of which it would require an H. G. Wells to predict.

He Swore Off Smoking in no Gentle Words

Yet Anger Cooled When He Found This Tobacco

It's no joke when a pipe smoker's pipe goes back on him. After all, as many a man will tell you, there's nothing that takes the place of a pipe and good tobacco. Mr. Clarence C. Strohm well knows that, as you will see after reading his interesting letter.

Harrisburg, Pa.
March 27, 1930

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I thought you might like to know how I became converted to Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.

One day I had an attack of heartburn and my pipe tasted terrible. I threw it on the office floor and swore off smoking in no gentle words. Then I spoke one of my co-workers and said, "Why don't you try a pipeful of my Edgeworth, and I'll lay you a bet of ten to one that you like it."

Well, for the sake of an argument I tried a pipeful and doggone, that Edgeworth tasted like honey!

Needless to say, I lost the bet, but believe me it was worth it, for I discovered the greatest pipe tobacco in the world.

Sincerely yours,

Clarence C. Strohm

If you've never been able to find a pipe tobacco that really satisfied, try Edgeworth. But don't make a ten-to-one bet with some Edgeworth fan, because the chances are *more* than ten to one that you, like Mr. Strohm, will lose—although, like him, you'll probably be glad you did!

It's amazing how many enthusiastic letters have been received praising Edgeworth. There seems to be something about this cool, slow-burning smoke that makes happy smokers. Perhaps it's that special Edgeworth blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 111 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. You can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins. Listen to "The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia," Edgeworth's radio program, next Wednesday evening from 10 to 10:30 (E.S.T.), over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company.



CORNS

RELIEF in ONE MINUTE!



NEW
SAFE
SURE
WAY

Quickly Removes Corns

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain of corns and sore toes instantly. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads also remove the cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters; make new or tight shoes easy on the feet. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Medicated Disks, included at no extra cost, and you'll be rid of corns in 48 hours! At all drug and shoe stores.

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

**Here's a Profitable
BUSINESS FREE**
MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU

No experience needed to act as our representative for Master work garments. Every business concern a prospect. Advertising embroidered on garment is a big sales feature. Easy, pleasant work. You receive pay daily in big cash commissions. You can easily add up to \$48.00 weekly to your regular income. We supply everything needed entirely FREE. Write
GEO. MASTER GARMENT CO., DEPT. 514
Ligonier, Indiana

FEET HURT YOU?

Pains in ball of foot, arches, ankles or legs? Suffer from callouses, bunions, cramped toes, burning feet? Get relief, comfort, peace of mind with the
NEW BALANCE ARCH

This new cushion support is **SOFT, LIGHT, FLEXIBLE—NO METAL PLATES, PADS, or BINDINGS.** It repositions bones, lifts arches, builds muscles. Eliminates causes of troubles, restores foot health in 30 to 60 days. Endorsed by doctors—thousands of users

Send for Free "Pedoprints" for testing feet in own home—also booklet, See causes of troubles and how to banish them.

FREE
New Balance Arch Co., 241 Cameron Ave., No. Cambridge, Mass.

Want Steady Job?



**Ex-Service Men Get Preference
END OF DEPRESSION MEANS
HUNDREDS OPENINGS**
Common Education Sufficient

Railway Postal Clerks Mail Carriers
Postoffice Clerks File Clerks
General Office Clerks Stenographers
Inspectors of Customs

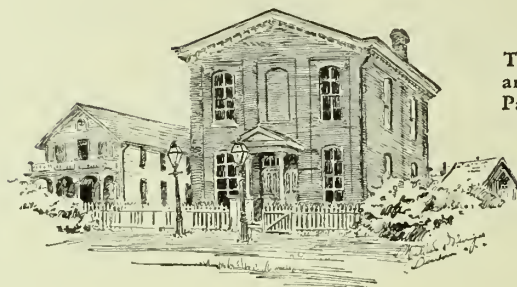
\$141 to \$283 MONTH

-----Mail Coupon Before You Lose It-----
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. B-191, Rochester, N. Y.
Sir: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book: "How to Get a Post Depression U. S. Government Job" with list of positions, and full particulars telling how to get them. Tell me all about preference given to Ex-Service Men.

Name.....
Address.....

The Idea Behind Greenfield

(Continued from page 9)



Thomas A. Edison's office and library at Menlo Park, New Jersey, as it appeared in 1879

of bread in a bushel of wheat, no matter what the Board of Trade quotations on the wheat may be. Even at the worst the land gives self-dependence, and this is a possession as priceless to the nation as to the individual. We cannot afford to have this essential characteristic depart from our people, for once it disappears it can never be regained.

If after our Village is opened to the public at large the visitor will comprehend that we are not merely trying to show a fine collection of antiques to amuse the public, but rather are pointing how the population of this country lived and prospered during the days when we were building to our present scale of living, he will have our point of view. Once this perceiving visitor comprehends the basic idea, his mind will grasp the connection between the past and the present, and project it into the future. Perhaps he will apply it to his

own life in some way. He may find the way to combine the advantages of country and city living for himself. He may suddenly see that as the standards of a hundred years ago seem crude to us, so our standards will seem crude to those who follow us—and therefore there is as great an opportunity for improving the standards now as there was then. Viewing an old tool or utensil he may even find some inspiration for improving the present article used for the same purpose.

This is the only reason Greenfield Village exists—to give us a sense of unity with our people through the generations, and to convey the inspiration of American genius to our young men. As a nation we have not depended so much on rare or occasional genius as on the general resourcefulness of our people. That is our true genius, and I am hoping that Greenfield Village will serve that.

Smash!

(Continued from page 11)

and ability. No one has ever discovered a way to make legal process self-operating, and we shall no doubt always have to take it subject to human limitations.

The greatest danger in which our victim is placed is one from which the law, as it stands at present, cannot protect him. Suppose our injured man proves his case, the jury finds in his favor and judgment is entered for \$10,000 against him who caused the accident. A judgment by a law court itself produces no money; it only determines that the winner is entitled to money from the loser. The next step is to collect it. If the judgment is not paid, property of the debtor may be seized by the sheriff, and sold, and the proceeds applied to paying the claim. A famous recipe for rabbit stew begins: "First catch your hare." And here you must first find the property. If the careless driver has no property, how can he be made to pay? What can he pay with? Even if we turned back the clock and again had imprisonment for debt, we should get no money thereby. No legal process invented has ever been successful

in getting blood from a turnip. If this careless driver has carried liability insurance in a responsible company the victim will get his money. How many drivers carry insurance? Only one State—Massachusetts—has a general compulsory insurance law. What are the chances of recovery if one is hit by a driver who is not insured?

The answer to such questions was unknown until a few months ago. Now we have some very important information about them through an investigation conducted by a group of public-spirited lawyers who called themselves a "Committee to Study Compensation for Automobile Accidents" and made their report to a formidably named organization entitled "Columbia University Council for Research in the Social Sciences." The committee-with-the-long-name has fourteen members, all of them prominent lawyers. Among the list are Dean Clark of Yale's Law School, Attorney General Schnader of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury Mills, himself a New York lawyer when not in government service, and Director

Lewis of the American Law Institute. Mr. Shippen Lewis, Philadelphia lawyer, ably organized and directed the Committee's study.

In addition to examination of data available through public officials and insurance companies, an investigation was made of 8849 automobile accident cases, distributed among ten localities in six States. This investigation was by direct personal interview with the injured person or a responsible member of his family. Its object was to find out just what does actually happen to people when they are hurt in automobile accidents. The results from widely scattered communities (from Atlantic to Pacific) checked with each other so completely that the committee felt that conclusions reached in its investigation could be relied upon as representing the situation throughout the country. In other words, from what actually did happen in 8849 automobile accidents, we can predict pretty accurately what chance we would have to be paid for our loss if we were to be hit tomorrow. We do not need to re-examine the hundreds of pages of statistical data to get the results, for they can be summarized with startling clarity.

The most important question is whether the motorist who caused the injury carries insurance. If not, the injured person's chances for receiving anything at all are only about one in four, and in most cases the payments made will not pay the loss. If the offending motorist was insured, payment will be received in eighty-five percent of the cases; in other words, the chances are almost nine out of ten that some payment will be made. This, too, is regardless of the legal question of negligence discussed above; it is based upon the actual experience in these instances investigated.

What is the likelihood that one may be hit by an insured driver? It makes some difference where the car comes from. If it is a Massachusetts car, as already stated, the law compels insurance by its owner. If it is a city car, it is more apt to be covered than a country car. Nationwide figures compiled for 1929 by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters indicate that a little more than one out of four passenger cars is covered by liability insurance and a little less than one out of three commercial cars is so covered.

The prospect is not one to delight the eye. The chances are three against one that you will be hit by an uninsured car. If and when you are, the chances are four against one that you will be paid nothing at all. Yet more than a million people are injured and a good many thousand killed each year in automobile accidents. Furthermore, the advantage of being hit, if one must be hit, by an insured motorist increases with the severity of the injury. Figures from the investigated cases show that the heavier the loss, the less likelihood there is of getting payment from an uninsured operator. In cases where death has been caused the chances against recovery are five against one.

Even if one is to be hit by an insured driver he will do well not to get cracked up too severely. The figures indicate that persons with slight losses are somewhat overpaid, but that as the loss grows larger, as in permanent disability cases, the payments grow proportionately less and are more apt to be subject to delay. The explanation is easy: The insurance company will make a prompt and liberal payment of a small claim to get it out of the way. Even a liberal payment is cheaper than a law suit. But as the amount involved grows larger this is no longer true. The insurer will make a more thorough investigation; it may deny liability altogether and prefer to contest the case. This means long delay for the injured victim, and long delayed payment is, for practical purposes, often no payment at all.

It is clear that something must be done. We can't allow our roads to be filled with irresponsible persons driving high-powered cars doing untold damage for which the victims must bear the loss. One solution is that of Massachusetts—compulsory liability insurance for all locally registered cars. This committee of lawyers who made the report referred to above has gone a step further and suggested for motor vehicle accidents a scheme for compensation much like the system of workmen's compensation now in force in nearly every one of our States.

The theory of such a scheme is that accidents are inevitable in the operation of motor cars, and that the people who operate them ought to bear the burden of the harm done. Under a compensation statute we should not need to decide whether a car operator is at fault. If he has done injury in an automobile collision he is liable to buy the injured person compensation according to the scale fixed. There will be no long period of waiting to try a case in court. There will be no large fees for legal counsel because such hearing as is necessary will be conducted in informal fashion before a referee. The amount of compensation will not be as great as the largest verdicts now won before sympathetic juries. But payments will be sure and be prompt. Is it expensive? Not so very. It would involve insurance, of course, just as workmen's compensation does. The cost of the insurance will depend, naturally, upon the scale of compensation payments provided. Upon a scale comparable to the present Massachusetts workmen's compensation act, automobile accident compensation could be supplied without material increase in present liability insurance rates.

Something of this sort must come. Perhaps it will be compulsory liability insurance, perhaps we shall take the double step and adopt the compensation plan. That something shall be done is a matter of concern for every one of us who ventures upon a public highway in a car or on foot. No one can know when his turn is next. But if he is to be hit, surely it will be some relief that his wife and children won't have to be supported by public charity while he is off the job.

You'll go a long way

to match the value
in Paris Garters
and they'll go a long
way with you

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

25¢ to \$1

Time for a fresh pair?

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

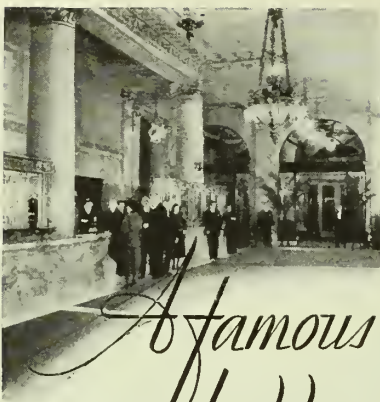
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
809 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.



**500 More City and Rural
Dealers**

Start your own business with our capital. It pays better than most occupations. Buy everything at wholesale—sell at retail. Be your own boss. Make all the profits on everything you sell. We supply everything—Products, Auto-Bodies, Sample Cases, Advertising Matter, Sales and Service Methods, etc. 15 Factories and Service Branches. Prompt shipments. Lowest freight and express rates. Superior Rawleigh Quality, old established demand, lowest prices, guarantee of satisfaction or no sale, makes easy sales. 200 necessities for home and farm, all guaranteed the best values. Rawleigh's Superior Sales and Service Methods secure most business everywhere. Over 42 million Products sold last year. If you are willing to work steady every day for good pay, write for complete information how to start your own business with our capital.

W. T. RAWLEIGH CO.
DEPT. J-36-ALM, FREEPORT, ILL.



Famous Lobby

ITS register reads like a "Who's Who" of world leaders in commerce, finance, diplomacy, the arts, and social life. The last eight Presidents of the United States have always stopped at the Bellevue-Stratford.

YOU will enjoy its fine hospitality and faultless efficiency—at rates that are quite consistent with present times.

BELLEVUE STRATFORD

PHILADELPHIA

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, General Manager



MYSTERIOUS
FLOWER BEADS PAY up to
Lovely flower-like beads
spread fragrance of California's fairest blossoms.
Every woman buys on sight.
You can sell dozens daily. Big profit every sale. Write quick. Get surprise offer.
MISSION BEAD CO.
2324 W. Pico,
Los Angeles, Calif.

\$90
Week



GLASSETTE
CHRISTMAS FOLDERS




IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—NEW! NOVEL! DAINTY!
Glasette, an exclusive richly beautiful material of watered silk finish—21 FOLDERS ALL DIFFERENT. Reproductions of magnificent paintings in multi-colored crayon and raised gold metallic effects—EACH with a **TISSUE LINED ENVELOPE. COSTS YOU 50c—SELLS For \$1.00.** Free Sample. Write today to **WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS**, 7 Water Street Dept. 28 Boston, Mass.



Men with Cars


HERE'S A GOOD THING TO DO
When Times are Hard and Jobs are Scarce.
If \$7.50 a day will tide you over until things pick up, I'll give you work at once explaining my new "Chain Store" System to housewives, and distributing Introductory Boxes of advertised products. Use your home as headquarters. No experience needed. I show you how to work regular "route." No investment. Quick advancement to workers. Write for FREE particulars. Address
Albert Mills, 447 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.





World's Strongest Cement
Pays Agents UP TO \$15 Daily

Everyone Buys On Sight!
"PEERLESS" is the strongest and most powerful Cement known—waterproof, heat-proof, coldproof, acidproof. Insures permanent repairs. Mends dishes, furniture, leather, metal, wood, fibre, most everything—like new. Easy to use. Saves money.
OUR AMAZING OFFER
Write for our "Get Acquainted" Offer. You risk nothing. Money back guarantee on unsold goods. Housewives, mechanics, retailing pair shops, everyone is waiting for "PEERLESS". Novel demonstration makes sales fast. Big profit. Campbell sold 51 "PEERLESS" Bottles in 1 1/2 hours.
Special Plan For Selling Stores
PEERLESS WATERPROOF CEMENT CO.,
2960 Dodier Street St. Louis, Mo.



Enclose 25c for Full Size Bottle

The Road to Monterey

(Continued from page 4)

its makers so confidently prophesy. Along this desert, cactus-strewn country are no telegraph poles, no trees or houses, so that the driver finds it difficult to estimate speed, and when he settles down to what he thinks is a conservative forty miles an hour, he is amazed on glancing at his speedometer to learn that he is going well over sixty.

Any direction you go into Mexico you start from sea level and continually ascend, as the whole country is a vast plateau. Hence you can find any climate you wish, ranging from the tropical sea-coast or temperate half-way points to the always chilly heights.

The new road also opens to American sportsmen a fresh hunting country, hitherto practically inaccessible, in the plateau region beyond Monterey, where fish and game are plentiful and of great variety and exist under primitive conditions. The country has no game laws, and quail, pheasant, deer and even bear can be had—one if one prefers bear to beer. Monterey itself, by the way, a city of 60,000 people, boasts in the Carta Blanca Brewery the largest operating institution of this nature on the North American continent, and visitors are welcomed.

The stretch of road from Monterey to Linares, about eighty miles, is now easily negotiated on an all-weather road of gravel and crushed native rock surface. It is 104.3 miles from Linares to Victoria, and all this strip is in fair condition with a few stretches of graded road but mostly good natural gravel. All of it will eventually be paved. From there the motorist can branch off to Villa Juarez and Tampico and the coast by a new road mostly paved.

The last portion of the main highway, that between Valles in the state of San Luis Potosi and Mexico City, will be the last to be completed and offers the greatest

engineering difficulties. Here, on the great plateau over a mile above sea level and in an atmosphere painfully rarefied, the road is literally chiseled around the slopes of some of the greatest mountains, and although being widened, is now, according to William H. Furlong, manager of the highway department of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce and pioneer traveler over the route, a mere shelf skirting great heights and barely wide enough for one car at a time.

Over most of the route gasoline, oil and other necessities are easily obtained. The great oil companies, Mexican, American and British, are competing to see which can complete the most artistic service stations, and many of these are ahead of the majority in the United States.

Entrance into the country is facilitated for the American tourist by the co-operation of the Mexican government and the Automobile Club of Mexico, but the complete trip should not be attempted this year. Some very primitive country has to be traveled and the Mexican engineers working on the road carry chlorine pellets which they put into the drinking water to avoid dysentery.

Although a number have already made the complete trip their adventures were such that they have been fully qualified as members of the Explorers' Club on the one venture. Mr. Furlong himself, although aided by the Mexican engineers and a schedule carefully planned to avoid the rainy season, had to abandon his car and shift to the back of a burro, followed by a pack train, to negotiate some of the detours. Premature news of the opening of the last link has sent many tourists to San Antonio, where they were persuaded not to attempt the trip. But the new link will soon be in service—a Highway of Good Will.

Concerning Tillie

(Continued from page 19)

circumstances require desperate measures, he gets his weapon and fires six times directly at the spot his watered whiskey has been failin' to warm all month. But Bogus keeps right on comin'. He don't even falter in his stride. So Bud, some puzzled, leaps over the bar and beats it for the surrounding hills, nor does he return to his place of business until midnight, when, all being quiet he sneaks in the back way. In the barroom he finds Maggie and Bogus camped on the floor. They've not only been at his white man's whiskey to the point of helplessness, but they'd cached some of it in out of the way places. Bud makes an inventory and

discovers they've only taken enough, at regular retail prices, to cover the amount of money in dispute, which when he realizes that, he stands there looking down at the innocents.

"Bogus," he says, "if I did my full Christian duty by you I'd kill you where you lie. But if I did, I'd have to kill Maggie, too—and I don't want to do that because the punishment wouldn't properly fit the crime. After all, your maw is an accessory after the fact, not before it. She's been led to crime by you."

He bends down and frisks Bogus for bullet-holes but finds none. Then he ex-

amines the wall at the end of the bar for holes and finds none. "Doggone you, Maggie," he says, powerfully relieved, "it's getting so I can't trust you no more, neither. You pulled the ca'tridges out o' my gun an' substituted blanks. Some day you'll go too far."

So the next day he dusted Maggie good and plenty and hoped he'd learned her sense. Bogus, he has a bad head, but he don't complain none when Bud orders him to go forth and bring in a deer, being as how the house is low on fresh meat.

Well, sir, when Bogus comes in that night with the deer he's some excited. And he creates more excitement by quitting his job.

"Tillie quittin', too?" asks Bud.

"No quittum. Bogus quit. Tillie no quit."

"Well, that helps some," says Bud. "What you quittin' a good job for, Bogus?"

"Me ketchem mine," says Bogus, and held out his hand. In it is a chunk of quartz. It's jewelry rock—just enough quartz in it to hold the gold together.

"Where you find this?" says Bud, all shaking with the miner's ague right off, but Bogus only looked glum at him and shook his head. "How much him worth?" says Bogus.

Bud pounded the rock up and horned it out and said it was worth twenty-five dollars. Bogus said he'd take his word for it; anyhow, twenty-five dollars was all he wanted, and he took that out in grub, which he packed on his own broad back with a tump-line around his forehead, and prepared to go forth into the night. At partin' Bud give him a quart of white man's whiskey to show he wasn't entertaining no hard feelings and as a sort of going away present. Also, he took it upon himself to give Bogus some sound advice.

"Bogus," he says, "most likely it's only a pocket and you'll clean it out in a few days. Don't build your hopes too high. Disappointment is always sickening."

Bogus shook his head. He didn't think so. "Well," Bud continues, "once you get out to this here mine you'd better stay there until your grub's used up. If you keep trotting backward and forward between the mine and this bar, some of these other Indians or some low white man will follow you and jump your claim. So if I was you I'd stay out until I needed more grub. By that time you'll have the assessment work done an' the title will be clear for one year. If you find any more high-grade, bring it in to me and I'll buy it from you."

Bogus thought that was good sound advice or maybe he felt he was seeing too much of Bud anyhow and a change would do him good. So he allowed to stay till his grub give out. But he wasn't going to sell his gold to Bud. Not Bogus Ben Bugler. "You damn thief," says Bogus. "Me no sellum gold damn thief," and he disappeared into the night without even saying good-bye to Maggie and Tillie, both of whom were out gatherin' huckleberries. As he had a rifle (Continued on page 54)

The Season's Big Radio Sensation!

16-TUBE ^{only} 39.95

ALL-WAVE

15 to 550 Meters

Completely Assembled with Large Dual Speakers

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

ALL THE NEW 1933 FEATURES

What a Radio! One complete chassis with one dual-radio dial giving you the whole world of radio—regular broadcasts, foreign, amateur, police, ships at sea, etc.—a bigger, better, more powerful, more selective, finer toned radio than you have ever heard before—offered at a sensationally low direct-from-factory price, saving you 30% to 50% of the usual retail cost. In this amazing new 1933 ALL-WAVE, 15 to 550 meter set, you get all these and many other features:

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Stat-Omit Tuning Silencer ... | 15 to 550 Meter Tuning Range ... |
| Class "B" Amplification ... | Image Frequency Suppressor ... |
| Color-Lite Wave Band Selector ... | Fractional Microvolt Sensitivity ... |
| Acoustically Matched Dual Speakers ... | Full-Floating Variable Condenser ... |
| Full Band Automatic Volume Control ... | Absolutely Faithful Tone Reproduction |
| Dual Power, Two separate transformers | Positive Tone Control ... |
| Dual Radio Dial ... | Thermal Safety Fuse ... |
| One Complete Chassis ... | Duplex Duo-Diode Detection |
| Complete Scientific Shielding ... | New Type Tubes ... |
| 18 Tuned Circuits, 9 in cascade ... | Low Operating Cost. |

Remember!
You buy direct from the manufacturers and save 30% to 50%. Every Midwest set is backed by a positive guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. 30 DAYS TRIAL in your own home makes you the sole judge. Midwest, now in its twelfth successful year, offers bigger, better, more powerful, more sensitive radios at lower prices than ever before. The coupon or a postal brings you big new catalog and complete information. Mail it NOW!

Deal Direct with Factory! SAVE UP TO 50%

Don't be satisfied with less than a Midwest 16-tube A.C. radio. A receiver covering only the regular broadcast waves is **only half a set**. Improvements in short-wave programs have made ordinary broadcast sets obsolete. The Midwest gives you regular foreign, police and amateur broadcasts—both long and short wave—in one single dial set. No converter or any extra units required.

Investigate! Mail the coupon. Get the Midwest catalog. Learn the facts about Midwest 9, 12 and 16-tube ALL-WAVE sets—also Battery sets and amazing new Radio Phonograph. Learn about our sensationally low factory prices, easy payment plan and positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

TERMS
as Low as
\$5 DOWN



COMPLETE LINE OF NEW CONSOLES
The big new Midwest catalog shows gorgeous line of artistic consoles in the new six-leg designs. Mail the coupon now. Get all the facts. Learn how you can save 30% to 50% on a big powerful radio by ordering direct from the factory.

Read This! Just one of thousands of letters praising Midwest Radios.
Gets France, Spain, Italy, Japan

"Have received foreign short-wave stations such as F.Y.A. France; E.A.Q. Madrid, Spain; 12 R.O. Rome, Italy; and last but not least, J.I.A.A. Tokyo, Japan. I really think the Midwest set is a miracle."—A. F. GRIDLEY, Sarasota, Fla.

Don't buy any radio until you get the big new Midwest catalog. Just sign and mail the coupon or send your name and address on a postal—Now!

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Dept. 120 (Est. 1920) Cincinnati, O.

RUSH THIS COUPON FOR AMAZING FREE TRIAL OFFER AND BIG BEAUTIFUL CATALOG

Midwest Radio Corp.
Dept. 120
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new 1933 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day free trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name
Address
Town State

USER AGENTS EASY EXTRA MONEY
Check here for details. ☐

Concerning Tillie

(Continued from page 53)



EVERY LEGIONNAIRE *Should Have It*

The 1932 general Emblem catalogue is literally crammed with unusual Legion offerings. The pages illustrated above are typical of the brand new merchandise featured at surprisingly low prices. If you haven't written for your copy do so at once. Every Legionnaire should have it. Sign

and mail that coupon now!



**MAIL
THIS...**

Emblem Division,
American Legion,
777 N. Meridian,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Please rush, with
no obligation, my free copy of the 1932 gen-
eral Emblem catalogue.

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE

I belong to Post No. Dept. of.
10-32

with him Bud thought best not to follow him just then in an effort to locate the strike.

Well, sir, for ten days nobody appeared to miss Bogus except Bud. Then one day, when there was quite a passel of Indians around the place, Bud dropped a remark. Wasn't it mighty strange whatever had become of Bogus Ben Bugler? Gone ten days! Anybody know where he went? The last Bud had seen of him he'd gone out hunting. Certainly seemed strange him not coming back that a-way.

The Indians didn't pay any particular attention to Bud, but the next day and the next and the day after Bud kept lamenting about Bogus Ben, until finally he got their interest worked up and in about a week they were b'iling with curiosity. The unaccountable absence of this here Bogus and the mysterious lack of knowledge of his whereabouts finally got on the nerves of the entire tribe, with the result that they hold a pow-wow and decide that if Bogus is on top of the ground he's got to be found. They elect to divide into small hunting parties of three or four and just scour the country for fifty miles in every direction.

When Bud Inman learns of their plan he gives it his hearty endorsement and sets up a limited number of drinks. During the discussion Bud lets on he's plumb distracted with grief about Bogus and in order to stimulate public interest he offers a reward, personally, of ten dollars for Bogus Ben, if the latter's alive—if only a little bit—and fifty dollars for him dead, because if dead he's got to be brought in, at considerable effort and annoyance and given a proper funeral. So it's worth fifty if he's found dead.

Well, son, fifty dollars is a lot of money—particularly to an Indian—and you know how some Indians are. Added to which the California Indian ain't no noble red man. Besides Bogus, with his military instincts, had sort of lorded it over the rest of the tribe anyhow and in his cups he'd mauled most of them from time to time until they thought a bear had 'em in charge. Consequently, Bud's generous offer, though received in the customary Indian silence, meets with profound approval in certain circles, and the searchers depart as full of ginger and go as a lot of runaway horses.

A week later two of them come in with Bogus Ben Bugler draped over the back of a pony and him too dead to skin. Also, he's pretty high. Bud examines the body and can't find a mark on it, so he decides publicly that Ben has died of natural causes and pays over the fifty dollars. Privately he's of the opinion that the searchers come up on Ben unexpected, as he burrows in his mine, capture him, drag him over to the Klamath River and drown him because they report they find him in the Klamath. However, that ain't none of

Bud's business, and while in a lot of ways he's going to miss Bogus, in other ways he ain't. He's accomplished what he set out to do—to wit, send Bogus to the Happy Hunting grounds before he makes trouble between Bud and the sheriff, and before Bogus sells his mine to somebody else. The job would have been cheap at double the money.

He's well content, is Bud Inman. Here's two witnesses to swear they found Bogus in the Klamath River, Bud's hands are clean and he's only acted in a humane and public-sperited manner. Besides which, he don't figure the sheriff's going to go to any great fuss at the inquest over an Indian, although he notifies that functionary as a matter of public duty. But the sheriff sends back word he'll take Bud's word the case is as represented and advises immediate interment of the deceased.

Burying Bogus was a simple matter. Bud just turned the body over to the tribe, which retired, with a keg of Bud's whiskey, to a secluded spot to hold the wake and no sooner is the premises shut of them than Bud leaves the Chinaman in charge, takes down his rifle and allows he's got to go out and kill himself a deer.

A hundred yards from the hotel he's in the timber and following the plain trail of the party that brought Bogus in. Sure enough it leads to the Klamath River, four mile up stream, and sure enough, in the sand on a little bar close to shore Bud notes signs of a struggle. From this point he casts around and presently picks up the trail the party had made coming down to the river with Bogus, so rightly inferring that if he follows this trail he'll get to the mine, Bud toils manfully on.

Well, he finds t' e prospect, together with a pick and shovel Bogus had borrowed from him without permission. There's a gunny-sack there half-filled with high-grade and some more jewelry rock, so Bud stakes the claim and files his location notices in some little rock monuments he builds to mark the boundaries.

Now, Bogus has developed that prospect considerable while he's been at it. There's a hole in the ground six feet deep and twelve feet wide and clear across the face the ledge shows. The last thing before leaving Bud gets down in this hole to examine the ledge and leaves his rifle up on top, for he ain't expecting company at all. However, as he starts climbing out he's some surprised to see Tillie standing off a little piece, with his rifle in her hands.

"Hello, Tillie," says Bud, with a sudden feeling of embarrassment. "What you doing here? Thought you was at the funeral."

Tillie, which she's been to the Indian school and speaks better English than Bud, raises the rifle and sort o' toys with it. "Stay where you are, whiskey peddler—murderer," she warns him. "I got some-

thing private an' confidential for your ear alone."

"Why, Tillie, whatever makes you talk like that," Bud began, but Tillie cut him short by throwing the rifle down on him.

"Listen, white man," she says, "you overlooked a bet when you overlooked me. I'm three-quarters white—and sometimes I'm all Indian, and sometimes I'm all white. When you offered a fifty dollar reward for Bogus dead and ten for him alive you thought you were pretty smart, didn't you? But after a while I figured you out, although it was too late then. They'd got Bogus Ben Bugler and got him for fair. So the next thing I had to do was to find out why you'd done it—to prove you guilty. You thought I'd went to the funeral today, didn't you? Well, I did, but I didn't stay. I hid where I could keep an eye on you, and when you started for the timber I followed, and saw right off you were following the trail of the party that brought Bogus in. I, too, saw where they'd drowned him in the river—and I followed you here and hid until you got down in that hole and left your rifle on top. Now you can come out."

So Bud clumb out and at Tillie's command he set down, took out his note book an' wrote out new location notices in Tillie's name. Tillie inspects them an' finds them good; then Bud removes his own location notices from the little monuments and puts Tillie's back instead. "We are now," says Tillie, "ready to go home. Pick up that sack of ore an' carry it, an' don't try to run away, because if you do I'll most surely tunnel you."

By the time they get back to the Indian rancheria Bogus Ben Bugler's been interred and there's considerable comment on the heartlessness of Tillie not bein' present as the grave closes over her man. The Indians figure it's because of her three-quarters white blood until she comes in with Bud Inman and states her case.

Bud he ain't molested none. He's let sit in the council around the camp-fire, while Tillie does some oratin' and states the case for the prosecution. Bud he appeals to Maggie to say a word in his behalf but Maggie just sets silent lookin' at him with no more expression than the gate-post. Finally the council breaks up, a guard is put over Bud Inman and the two bucks that finds Bogus and the case is adjourned until the morrow.

At sun-up the chief an' the jury follow the trail of the two bucks back up the Klamath to the spot where there's signs of a struggle, and from there they mosey along, readin' trail where no white man could read it, up to Bogus Ben Bugler's mine. Here they rustle around and find his camp and what grub he's got left cached in a tree. That's evidence enough for them. An Indian, be he ever so humble, has horse sense. If a man's guilty an' every man o' common sense knows he's guilty, they never monkey none with the law's delay an' the rules of evidence an' Christian charity, like white folks. I don't reckon there's ever been an Indian probation

officer to cheat justice with his weak, loose thinkin'. Returnin' to the camp the two bucks are confronted with the evidence an' confess they'd located Bogus Ben Bugler the very first day out, walked him to the river, tied him, drowned him an' three days later brung him in for the fifty dollar reward. Tillie translates the confession to Bud, an' then the chief makes a speech an' the tribe goes into executive council to see what ought to be done about it. They ain't more'n five minutes arrivin' at a conclusion, the chief states the verdict an' Tillie translates to Bud.

"Which it's the verdict of the tribe, Bud," she says, "that you an' these two Indians you incite to murder for your own gross gain got to pay the price. Your lives for the life of Bogus Ben Bugler. In the old days you would have been tortured, but me, I'm against that and on account of me being the widow and Maggie hesitatin' to see you carved and burned, it's been decided that you got to jump into the Klamath just as you are. If you come ashore again on the same side you jumped in, a delegation will shove you off again. On the contrary, if you manage to swim to the other bank and drag yourself ashore, nobody's goin' to bother you any more. You never gave Bogus a chance but we're going to give you one."

"Chance, hell," wails Bud Inman. "The Klamath's the swiftest, most turbulent river in the world, I reckon, an' right here it's deep. Why, you ain't giving me no chance."

"Well, I'll admit it's a slim one, Bud," says Tillie, "but such as it is, it's a chance, an' whether you make the grade or not, it seems to me you're gettin' a square deal. You can hop in naked or with your clothes on."

"What happens if I make the far bank?"

"You get out of this country an' never come back. Don't even return to the hotel for new clothes. You got any money?"

"Yes, some."

"We'll go to the hotel an' pay off the Chinaman an' then you give the rest to Maggie. Better give her some good blankets an' what kitchen utensils an' grub she wants, too. As for the liquor on hand, that's mine."

So they escort Bud over to his hotel an' he settles his estate. Then the tribe, with the prisoners, goes down to the river an' the two bucks, makin' no bones whatsoever about it, wade out until the current rips 'em off their feet an' they have to start swimmin'. But it takes a good man to swim the Klamath there, an' presently both bucks get into the rapids an' it's all off but the shoutin'.

"Well, they died like men, Bud," says Tillie. "Let's see how game a white man can be at the finish. One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready and four to go."

Bud shucks his clothes, takes one last look around an' accepts the inevitable. "Kin I pick my jumpin' off place, Tillie?" he quavers.

"Suit yourself," (Continued on page 56)

the world needed

a Quality Garter for
25¢ and you can tell
the world that Paris
supplies the need

• • Outstanding Values at
25¢-35¢-50¢-75¢-\$1

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

MAKE MONEY EVERY DAY!

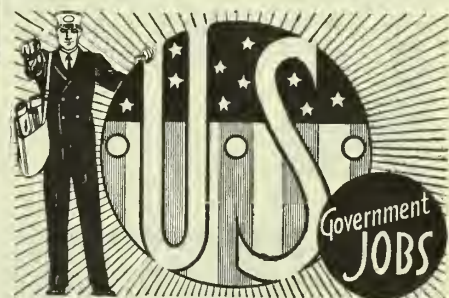
LEGION MEN WANTED

by Manufacturer of
DRESS-COMFORT SHOES

You can have ready cash every day taking orders for dress and work SHOES with new features of construction for style, comfort and extra wear. Remarkably low direct-from-factory-to-consumer prices. No sales experience necessary. You can fit every member of every family perfectly. Unusual money-making opportunity offered by a large manufacturer established 28 years. Act now while territories are still open!

FREE! Write today for big Selling Outfit and Sales Manual. Sent FREE to men who are sincere about earning more money.

MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. M-59, Chippewa Falls, Wis.



\$1260 to \$3400 Year

EX-SERVICE MEN GET PREFERENCE

**MEN—18 to 50
STEADY WORK**

Short Hours

LIFTING OF
DEPRESSION
WILL MEAN
HUNDREDS
OPENINGS

Mail Coupon
today,
SURE

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. B-188
Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay steady Post-depression positions. Send FREE 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, and full particulars on how to get a position. Tell me all about preference given to Ex-Service men.

Name

Address

Hotter than Coal and no dirt



A New Invention
Do away forever with the drudgery of wood or coal. The most simple and economical invention on the market is now giving perfect satisfaction to enthusiastic users everywhere. This new invention is a new type oil burner that takes the place of wood or coal and automatically and silently changes cheap oil into one of the quickest and hottest fires known.



Burns 96% Air—4% Cheap Oil
The International Oil Burner fits in the fire box of any range, stove or furnace. Installed in a few minutes. No noisy motor or complicated parts. 10 year guarantee.



Costs Only a Few Dollars
Heats just as well as a \$400 or \$500 oil burner without electricity or gas. Simply turn one valve and you have all the heat you want. Cleaner and better for heating and cooking. Approved by National Underwriters' Laboratories and engineers. Over 150,000 in use.



30 DAYS TRIAL OFFER
Try this wonderful burner right in your own home at our risk. Act quickly and get our special low introductory price. Sold under absolute money-back guarantee. Write at once for FREE booklet on home heating and FREE burner offer.



Agents-Dealers-Distributors
Our FREE burner offer starts you in business. Big money to be made. Demand is enormous. We also want spare or full time workers immediately. If \$500 a month and more interests you, write or wire for our protected territory offer.

Clip This Coupon
INTERNATIONAL OIL HEATING CO.
3800-10 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 508-0
Send your free booklet and free details on home heating for stove furnace. Also free burner offer.
Name
Address
☐ Check if interested in making money as an international representative with protected territory.

Learn to MOUNT BIRDS



Be an expert Taxidermist. We teach you at home By Mail to mount Birds, Animals, Game-Heads; to tan skins. Mount wild game also common animals, squirrels, rabbits, frogs and pigeons. Big Profits in spare time.
FREE BOOK Tells all about Taxidermy—how to have a wonderful hobby and how to turn your spare time into Sure Profits. Free. Send Today. Don't delay. State Age.

N.W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, 1117 Court Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

STICK 'EM UP!

Regardless of strength or size, defend yourself and friends against any foul attack, from bullies, or by gun, knife or club. Subdue with ease persons much stronger than yourself. A complete course on approved American Police Jiu-Jitsu by internationally known police instructor. 151 illustrations with detailed instructions, pocket size. 13 knockout blows without using fists. Send One Dollar. Full price, or C.O.D.

S. J. JORGENSEN
1351 Lloyd Building Seattle, Washington

RAISE FUR RABBITS
FOR US
CHINCILLAS & NEW ZEALAND WHITES
We Buy What You Raise — Highest Prices Paid — Established 19 years.
Illustrated book, catalog and Fur Farming Magazine, also Monthly Market Bulletin showing prices we pay. All for 10 cents.
Two large rabbitries, address one nearest you.
STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE COMPANY
Dept. 102 D, NEW CITY, N.Y. or HOLMES PARK, MISSOURI

HOW TO ORGANIZE A DRUM CORPS

In Five Easy Steps . . .

THIS FREE BOOK describes in detail how your Post can have a playing drum corps six weeks from now! Ludwig's easy plan is based on years of experience in organizing and equipping successful corps. Ludwig drums are used by prize-winning Legion outfits. A drum corps increases attendance and interest in all Post projects. Send now for "Here They Come," with complete information; no obligation.

LUDWIG & LUDWIG
1023 C Ludwig Bldg., 1611 N Lincoln St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Concerning Tillie

(Continued from page 55)

says Tillie. "We certainly aim to please."

So Bud walks up the river maybe three hundred yards and then wades in. He come down the stream a-flyin', under water in the big ripples most of the time, but swimmin' for his life an' tryin' to quarter the stream. An' I hope I may never see the back o' my neck if he don't make the other bank not twenty feet above the rapids. He drags himself out an' sets down to get his breath. He ain't near so happy as you'd figger him to be, for he has to prowl through the woods quite a distance naked before he finds help an' while he's figurin' which way to head, the Lord proceeds to move in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

It's the rutting season with the deer in that country an' you know how onery a buck is at that time. Nine out of ten of 'em are on the peck an' the sight of anything unusual always angers 'em. Such a buck now comes stompin' down to the river for a drink an' sightin' Buck's white body squattin' on the bank, he promptly gives a snort an' flies at him. Buck catches him by the horns an' tries to wrastle the critter down, but he don't stand a chance. For mebbe half an hour him an' that mad deer thrash around on the river bank, an' then the deer rushes Bud backward into the water, the current ketches him an' he whirls off into the center an' goes quiet-like into the rapids an' is seen no more.

The obsequies bein' over, Tillie goes back to the hotel, gives the Chinaman two minutes to make himself scarce, sets fire to the shack, with all the whiskey in it, and watches it burn. An' when the fire's out she says good-bye to the tribe, mounts up on Bogus Ben Bugler's pony an' rides fifty mile down to my ranch in Shasta Valley to tell me about the ruckus, from soup to nuts.

Why does Tillie do this? Well, I'll tell you. I'd stopped in Bud's hotel and Tillie had waited on me. Knowing she has a hard row to hoe my heart warmed to poor Tillie and each time at leaving I'd give her a dollar tip. I reckon I done this three times. Consequently, Tillie figures I'm on the square, and she needed that kind of white man in her business.

"Ain't you afraid, Tillie," I says, "that I'll turn you an' the tribe over to the sheriff for murder?"

"No, sir," says Tillie. "Me giving you my confidence this way, I know you won't betray me. You're not that sort of white man."

"Well, I reckon I ain't, Tillie," I says, feeling a heap complimented, "but all the same, if I was you, I wouldn't trust no white man too far where the fortunes of an Indian are concerned. I elect to consider this here a case of elemental justice and it's all O. K. with me."

"What else could we do, Mr. Tully?" says Tillie. "An Indian ain't got a chance."

No white man's court would have convicted Bud Inman, because he'd been too smart."

And then poor, abused, down-trodden Tillie that from the day she'd been born never had no more chance than a jack-rabbit, does something I never seen no person of Indian blood, male or female, do before. She commences to cry. Up till now she ain't let a peep out of her; she's been cool, ca'm and collected as a mallard duck in the closed season; her face, which it was a right lovely face, has been as impassive heretofore as a poker-playing Chinaman's, but now the white blood in the little out-cast gets the best of her. Me, I'm that teched I'm close to weeping with her, but with my foreman looking on I can't afford the luxury, so I just reach out and stroke Tillie on the shoulder and pat her and tell her to buck up, that I'll see to it she gets a good job waiting on the hands in the ranch mess-hall, and lives in a little shanty all to herself and nobody'll bother her.

This gives Tillie some encouragement, so she tells me all about herself.

"Which it's plumb terrible to be a quarter or half-breed, Mr. Tully. Me, I'm neither fish, flesh nor good red herring. I ain't good enough for the whites and I'm out of place with the Indians. Bogus Ben Bugler was like that, too, only his nature kept fighting with him all the time. I was mighty fond of Bogus Ben Bugler and he was mighty fond of me. Didn't he marry me like white folks do and wasn't he as kind to me as he could be? Why, Bogus was too fine to take a drink by himself when his mother was around, and when she wasn't around he'd always bring some back to the wickiup for her. He was on the square. The only time he'd hurt anybody was when white men got him drunk, and even then, when he fought, he always chucked away his knife or his gun and fought with his hands. And that rotten Bud Inman worked him and robbed him and under-paid him. Bud Inman was the worst enemy us Indians ever had. Sure the white man's government gave us all a quarter section of land, but it was land the white man didn't want and we couldn't do anything with it even if we'd knowed how. The white man makes us think terrible thoughts and we're busy thinking them when he thinks we're just dumb animals. The white man makes us do terrible things. All my life I've been ashamed. You don't know how an Indian hates a thief. My mother was a half-breed and never married and my father was a cow-thief. We don't steal and we don't lie, but everybody thinks we do. And Bogus Ben Bugler was a man, with all his Indian faults and for his sake, for the sake of all his loving kindness and decency to me I couldn't let that coyote, Bud Inman, get away with murder. We tried him fair, we proved him guilty

and God executed him. I don't care what the Indian agent says we did. It wasn't a sin."

When she'd talked herself out she felt better and I says: "Well, Tillie, what do you aim to do with your life? Don't be discouraged about your Indian blood. Some of our proudest Americans are proudest of the dash of Indian blood in them. And why not. You just give it out that your mother was an Indian princess and you'll go far in white society. In fact, you don't look a bit like a quarter-bred gal. Buck up now, Tillie, and tell me what you aim to do."

"I don't know, Mr. Tully. That's up to you. I was figuring if I showed you that mine, you could stake it; then you could work it or sell it and give me a little money."

"Tillie," I says, "I'll do that and split with you fifty fifty, but only on one condition. You got to promise me you'll never take a drink as long as you live. It ain't becoming to your white blood."

"I promise," says Tillie. "That's easy, because I ain't never tasted none."

Then she draws me a little sketch of the location of the strike, and I ride over and find it and stake it in my name. Then, because I'm in the cattle business and a cattleman ain't got no call to monkey with mines, I give a smart engineer a good fee to come up and examine the prospect, and on his report I sell it to some parties over in Nevada for a quarter of a million dollars. The jewelry rock I find in the sack at the prospect hole pays all expenses and then some and Tillie and I split the swag equally. Then I buy good bonds with Tillie's share and she put it in a trust, with me and the bank as trustee, and she moved down into the Sacramento River valley where none of her tribe would ever find her. My share of the mine I invested an' every winter when that tribe's short of grub and clothing I spend the income on 'em. Being a good-looking lass, showing more white than Indian, in the fullness of time Tillie weds with a decent, up-standing, democratic white man who's running a few cattle over in the Butte National Forest, and the last I heard, they were happy. They got a fine boy called Tully!

Dad reached for another alfalfa cocktail. "And if the Lord had any hand in that wondrous mystery," he concludes, "I never took much stock in the report. Looks to me more like Satan had a finger in it, but then, on the other hand, when you start figuring on how strong the Lord is for justice, a feller's bound to have a few doubts. Sometimes I wonder if the Lord don't maintain the devil to do for him the dirty but highly necessary jobs he don't care to handle personal Himself."

"Such a job, as, for instance—" I began, only to be interrupted by the old pagan with a line of Scripture I would have sworn he had never read:

"Such as taking down the mighty from their seat and exalting them of low degree, and a-proving that them as lives by the sword shall perish by the sword."

Mathematics Training Is Job Insurance Today

and Bigger Success Tomorrow



The man equipped with practical training is the safe man today and the key man tomorrow. There are jobs and contracts only for trained men—the men who have the basic knowledge that enables them to master the practical technique of their jobs. In every line of business or mechanical, scientific, or technical work, mathematics training is essential to success for without mathematics a man can work only with his hands—and today he must work with his head as well if he is to secure his job.

Now—Mathematics Self Taught—Easily, Quickly, Inexpensively

You can now master mathematics, without going back to school or taking an expensive correspondence course. An expert who has been instructing practical men all his life has prepared an extremely interesting group of books which at last removes the mystery of mathematics and makes it possible for you to apply it profitably to your own work.

MATHEMATICS For Self Study

By J. E. Thompson, B.S. in E.E., A.M., Dept. of Mathematics,
Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

These books start right from the beginning with a review of arithmetic that gives you many short-cuts and "trick" methods of calculation that clip many hours from your working time. Then they go right into higher mathematics and you see how clear it is when an expert explains it for you. In a short time you will be tackling successfully the most difficult problems.

An Expert Gives You These Simplified Methods

Mr. Thompson, the author of these books, has had many years' experience in mathematical training. He presents each practical method and problem in the clearest, simplest way. He gets right down to the kind of information that you need in your daily work.

Send No Money

EXAMINE THESE BOOKS FOR 10 DAYS FREE
Mail This Coupon

D. VAN NOSTRAND CO., Inc.
250 Fourth Ave., New York.

Send me MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 4 volumes. Within 10 days I will either return the books or send you \$1.85 as first payment and \$2.00 per month for 3 months—total \$7.65 (5% discount for cash).
(Am. Leg. 10-32)

Name

Address

City and State

Business Connection

Reference

A Complete Course and Reference Work on

Mathematics in These Four Inexpensive Books

Each step is clearly explained and is followed directly by sample problems and answers. There are, in addition, interesting practice problems with answers.

Arithmetic for the Practical Man
Algebra for the Practical Man
Trigonometry for the Practical Man
Calculus for the Practical Man

4 Volumes—1240 Pages—Illustrated

Adventurous Exciting, Thrilling Narratives of Facts and Fiction by

LEONARD H. NASON
PETER B. KYNE
FREDERICK PALMER
R. G. KIRK

MEREDITH NICHOLSON
HUGH WILEY
KARL W. DETZER
RUPERT HUGHES

For Only \$1.00

YOU may have some of the outstanding stories by these popular authors at a remarkably low cost . . . the price of a beautifully embossed blue and gold binder for your copies of The American Legion Monthly.

Moreover, it will give you a permanent record of Legion activities as well as fascinating stories of the most important American achievements . . . a record that will grow more valuable with the passage of time, a colorful picture of contemporary American progress. For the Monthly is keyed to the tempo of our modern America—an America that is above all achieving, growing, purposeful. In its pages is mirrored the life of our time.

These binders, priced at only \$1.00 each and available for Volume I to XIII, hold six copies of The American Legion Monthly. Why not fill out and mail the coupon now . . . while you think of it?

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY,
P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

Gentlemen: Enclosed is \$..... (Insert proper amount computed at \$1.00 for each binder.) Please send, postpaid, the new binder for Volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII, XIII of The American Legion Monthly. (Check or circle binder or binders desired.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Germany's Secret Attack Upon America



IN 1914, the German High Command carried the war to America . . . sinister, undercover warfare . . . bombing, burning, terrorizing.

Under the mask of diplomatic friendship and immunity, their Ambassadors and Consuls, their Military and Naval Aides launched a secret attack against this country . . . smuggling incendiary bombs aboard outbound ships, burning stocks of war material, destroying factories and fomenting strikes.

As told in the Source Records of the Great War, this story of Germany's attack upon America is a tale of intrigue and subterfuge, of plot and counter-plot . . . a tale of Germany in league with the underworld.

This secret attack upon a neutral nation is, of course, but a minor incident of the war. The Source Records, however, spread before your eyes a moving, panoramic view of the entire four-year struggle. The absorbing stories of combatants and non-combatants, soldiers, sailors and statesmen, official government observers and secret service agents. It's all there, both sides of the story, the viewpoint of enemy and Ally . . . unbiased, authentic, true.

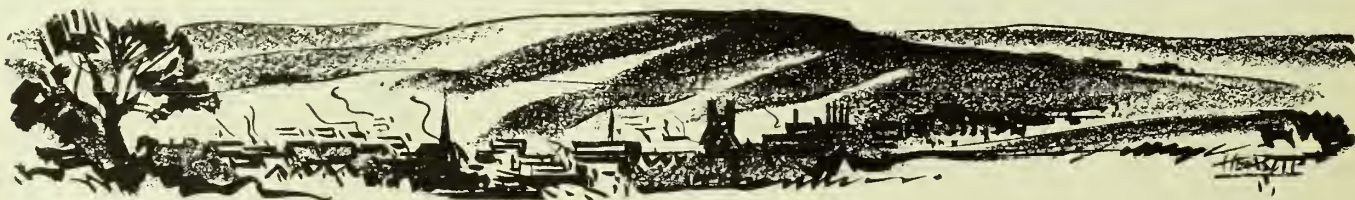
Sit back in your easy chair and summon to your side the great war-time leaders, Foch, Haig, von Hindenburg, Pershing, Joffre, Ludendorff. Listen for a while

to their stories. Then, call the rulers of the world, President Poincaré, Kaiser Wilhelm, King Albert, President Wilson, Czar Nicholas, Emperor Franz Joseph. A beckoning finger brings those who went "west" . . . a shade in Uhlan green snaps to attention before you, a doughboy who died in the Argonne, a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille.

They have stories to tell, stories that will catch and hold your interest for a thousand and one nights. For once the tales of Scheherazade have been outdone.

It's all in the Source Records . . . in seven beautifully bound volumes owned and published by The American Legion. Stories that grip the imagination and reawaken old memories. All of it yours in the new de luxe Service Edition at a fraction of its former cost. It places in your hands a living record of those four soul-searing years.

A little booklet, "The Intimate Story of the Source Records," tells you more fully of this remarkable narrative-history. You'll find it extremely interesting. The coupon, mailed today, will bring you a complimentary copy of this booklet with the inside story of the Source Records. Fill out and mail the coupon before you turn the page. You'll be glad you did!



Source Records Division

The American Legion, 350 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me your complimentary booklet with further information about the Service Edition of the Source Records.

Name
(Print)

Address



AN EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

Hundreds of men have found the Source Records a dignified and highly profitable means of livelihood. Hundreds of others are needed . . . one representative to every Post or Unit . . . full or part time. If you have faith in your ability to do what others are doing, others who have had no more experience than you have had, write to the Source Records Division of The American Legion at 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Simply say that you are interested in obtaining more information about representing the Source Records. It will be sent to you promptly by return mail.

Easy on the Initials, Please

(Continued from page 29)

Compensation Law than did Jack MacNider, himself.

During his incumbency as Commander he refused appointment to an unexpired term in the United States Senate. Upon his retirement as head of the Legion he could have been elected governor of Iowa without much of a campaign. Instead he married Margaret McAuley, the best looking girl in Mason City, and opposed his own party in support of his friend, Daniel F. Steck, for the United States Senate. Steck became the first Democratic Senator from Iowa since the Civil War. In 1925 Mr. Coolidge asked MacNider to become the Assistant Secretary of War. He accepted because the job put him in charge of plans for the mobilization of industry in event of war, a subject in which he had become interested as National Commander of the Legion after an investigation, at his instigation, had disclosed the extent of profiteering during the World War.

The result was the perfection of the most comprehensive, and least known, preparedness measure that has been adopted by the United States. The facilities of more than 25,000 manufacturing plants were surveyed with reference to their place in

the industrial scheme in event of war, and each assigned a specific job to do. Thus, unlike in any previous conflict, the Government would know on a declaration of hostilities to whom to turn for the countless items required to wage war. When MacNider felt he had done what he could with this big job he punctually resigned and, declining to run for the Senate, retired to the management of his farm, his three sons, Tom, Jack (their true names) and Angus, and the financial and industrial interests which the death of his father placed in his hands.

Two years ago he accepted after considerable hesitation the appointment as Minister to Canada. Although no announcement is ever forthcoming concerning such matters, both Washington and Ottawa understood the choice was made in an endeavor to straighten out the long-standing complications surrounding the St. Lawrence seaway negotiations and the opening of MacNider's own agricultural Middle West to the Atlantic seaboard. MacNider has always referred to himself as "the temporary member" of our diplomatic corps, and as the harvest moon begins to fill casts a homesick eye in the direction of his Iowa cornfields.

I Now Pass the Gavel

(Continued from page 23)

conceived and executed by The American Legion, was the first concrete and tangible effort in America to take up the economic slack produced by the panic of the fall of 1929. Never has the Legion received such fine appreciations of its worth to the nation as have poured in upon it as a result of this campaign. The organization deserved it, for the War against Depression was perhaps the most gigantic task it has ever undertaken. Between February 15th and June 30th of this year 1,004,302 unemployed men and women, ex-service and non-service alike, have gone back to the job as a result of the efforts of the Legion and its splendid affiliates in the work. Probably a quarter of a million more ought to be added to the total by the time this is available, for the work has accumulated too much momentum to stop.

Now let us look our own selves over for a moment. From a membership standpoint the Legion has enjoyed a wonderful year. In the face of want, distress, hunger, or, to put it in the least emotional terms, of well-nigh universal cashlessness, during the year in which many, nay most organizations have been suffering a membership loss of from twenty to forty percent or even higher, the Legion attained the quota set for it by National Headquarters and appeared, late in August, to be heading toward its 1931 total of more than a million

members. It was predicted early in the present official year by opponents and organizations who sought to tear down Legion prestige by nibbling at our arithmetic that this year's total would be severely below last year's figures. In the face of these onslaughts the Legion has gone steadily forward. This condition is naturally a source of intense satisfaction to me personally as it is to everyone on the Legion firing line throughout the nation. It is exhilarating and heartening to know that as these words are written three Departments have the largest membership rosters in their histories, that nineteen Departments have equaled or exceeded their quotas, that eight Departments have exceeded their 1931 records, that 584 Posts of The American Legion have won special citations for most distinguished service (by re-enrolling by November 11, 1931, their entire 1931 membership), that 248 Posts won distinguished service citations for effecting a like re-enrolment by November 30th, and that 459 won meritorious service citations for doing likewise by December 31st, and that fifty-nine Posts in twenty-three Departments won 400-percent citations. A total of 10,042 Department and Post officials won the most popular among Legion awards—the National Commander's testimonial of appreciation.

Tremendous (Continued on page 60)

"Hotels Start You With Salaries up to \$2,500 a Year with living often included"

Says V. T. Ingram, Drug Store Employee, Whose First Hotel Position was as Steward.

"Think of it! A drug store employee without experience before taking the Lewis Course, MY FIRST POSITION—secured through the Lewis National Employment Bureau—was as Steward! Today I am Manager at DOUBLE MY PREVIOUS SALARY! I unhesitatingly attribute my success to my Lewis training!"

STEP INTO A WELL-PAID HOTEL JOB

Good Positions in Hotel, club and Institutional field for trained men. Lewis graduates start at salaries up to \$2,500 a year with living often included. Opportunities as Manager, Assistant Manager, Steward, Auditor and many others paying \$1,800 to \$3,000 a year. Architectural Record report showing over \$1,500,000 worth of new hotels, clubs, schools and institutions built in last three years means increased opportunities. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you in spare time at home. Registration FREE of extra cost in Lewis Placement Service. Write your name and address in margin, check positions in which you are interested and mail this ad TODAY for FREE Book, which tells how to secure a well-paid position.



LEWIS HOTEL
Training Schools
Room ES-3353
Washington, D. C.

GOOD POSITIONS FOR MEN

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Manager | <input type="checkbox"/> Purchasing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Asst. Manager | <input type="checkbox"/> Agent |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steward | <input type="checkbox"/> Chief Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Auditor | <input type="checkbox"/> Sports Director |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Room Clerk | |

PATENTS

As one of the oldest patent firms in America we give inventors at lowest consistent charge, a service noted for results, evidenced by many well known Patents of extraordinary value. Book, Patent-Sense, free.

Lacey & Lacey, 635 F St., N. W. Dept. 8
Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869
Numerous Legionnaire References

UP TO 100 PERFECT SHAVES from every blade

Master Hone puts a perfect edge on used blades—any make—in a few seconds. Sharpens because it hones. No other hone like it. 300,000 in use. Regular price \$1.00. Yours Free. Agents send 50c for sample or send \$1.00 for 2 and get a third hone absolutely free. Postpaid or C. O. D. Write for quantity prices—make big money.



WISCONSIN ABRASIVE COMPANY
Dept 7007 Station A Milwaukee, Wis.

25c for 6 Months Introductory Offer



National Sportsman has for 32 years been a leader in the outdoor field. Its pages today are more interesting, and valuable than ever. You will find each copy crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to fish and hunt, etc. To introduce National Sportsman to you we will send it to you for six months for only 25c.

Clip this advertisement and mail together with 25c in stamps or coin today.

National Sportsman, 102 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Name

Street

City State

CHEAPER Heat Without COAL



WE PAY \$60 A WEEK
Write for FREE Burner offer and protected territory

Brand-new invention takes place of coal or wood. The Brigham Oil Burner, a new kind of BLUE FLAME burner, with automatic features, simply sets in fire box of any stove or range. Silently turns cheap oil into quick fire 3 times hotter than coal—and cheaper. Most economical oil burner to install and operate. Burns without waste, 96% air and 4% oil. No smoke, no odor. Better cooking and baking. Absolutely safe. Guaranteed 10 years. Sold on money-back guarantee.

30 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

and low introductory price to first users in each locality. Write for free booklet. AGENTS: Oil heat saves money this year; people buy to save! Experience unnecessary. Write quick for free burner offer and protected territory.

U. S. OIL HEATING COMPANY
Dept. 910, Third and Lynch Sts., St. Louis, Mo.

MAKE MONEY at HOME!

EARN UP TO \$25 A WEEK, OR MORE

Grow Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Big demand. Experience unnecessary—we tell you how. Illustrated book free. Start NOW—write today.

AMERICAN MUSHROOM INDUSTRIES, Ltd.
Dept. 206 Toronto, Ont.

THIS BOOK FREE

Your Outfit's Photograph

In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then and it can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name of organization, camp and date. Price \$2.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

UNIFORMS

WRITE FOR CATALOG No. 50.

ALUMINUM HELMETS
POLISHED OR ANY COLOR

GEORGE EVANS & Co.
132 N. FIFTH ST.—AL. DEPT.—PHILADELPHIA

WE MATCH PANTS To Any Suit!

Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no "readymades." Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.

SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 824, Chicago

BE A WAGON-MAN..

We Furnish the Capital

A great, responsible, successful, 40-year-old company now makes this surprising offer to honest men. Invest no capital! Let us start you in this permanent business that YOU own and control yourself. Become the authorized McConnon Dealer and handle the complete McConnon line—no red tape and no division of line. We finance you. You extend credit to your own friends and customers when you please. Only a certain number of these "no-investment" propositions are open. Each one offers a good living with a chance to put some money in the bank every week. Honest, steady men who write promptly are assured of first consideration. Write today and ask for "no-investment" offer. Address The House of Friendly Service, McConnon & Company, Desk D-13010, Winona, Minn.

I Now Pass the Gavel

(Continued from page 59)

credit is due the hundreds of thousands of loyal Legionnaires who coped so successfully with adverse conditions and almost insurmountable obstacles. The size of our membership this year is a living affidavit testifying to the fact that service men generally are aware of the fact that all beneficial ex-service legislation has been inspired and seen through thanks to the loyalty, prestige and insistence of The American Legion.

Your retiring National Commander has enjoyed to the full the wonderful opportunity for service which his year of high

office has given him and for the co-operation extended him. He is above all grateful for the fine and loyal friendships, both for himself and for the Legion as a whole, which he has made in contacting large Legion and non-Legion gatherings in forty-two States and in Canada, Cuba, Mexico, France, Belgium and England. He could not have done it without this wonderful Legion behind him. He hereby pledges to every future National Commander his continued service to the organization and to its ideals as a soldier in the ranks.

May God keep you all.

CHANGES AFFECT STATE PROVISIONS in RIGHTS and BENEFITS DIGEST

IN THE State Rights and Benefits special section of the Monthly for August, it was stated that in Michigan a law provides \$2,000 tax exemption on \$5,000 property valuation. Department Adjutant Robert J. Byers of Detroit and many readers have let the Monthly know that this law, while it applies to veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and Indian Wars, does not apply to veterans of the World War.

G. A. Fraser, Adjutant General of the State of North Dakota, sends word that the statement in the August issue that January 1, 1933, is the time limit for North Dakota adjusted compensation applications is incorrect, as no time limit has been set. A claimant must have been, at the time of enlistment, an actual and bona fide resident of North Dakota and must have received an honorable discharge. Adjutant General Fraser also points out that there is no tax exemption for veterans in North Dakota.

A statute known as the Moratorium Act, designed to prevent foreclosures of mortgages given by service men and the incurring of other penalties by service men was limited to the war period and terminated in 1921.

The information regarding Missouri adjusted compensation appearing in the August issue was incorrect in that it was stated that applicants were required to have been residents of the State for one year prior to enlistment in the various branches of the services. Actually, residence was required for one year immediately preceding April 6, 1917, the date war was declared.

Edward McGrail, chief of the Division of Veterans' Affairs of the State of West Virginia, sends word that the information appearing in the August issue regarding a \$100,000 relief fund for veterans is out of date. An appropriation in effect in earlier years was discontinued June 30, 1931, so

that no state funds for relief are now available.

Information on South Dakota adjusted compensation to supplement the facts published in the August issue is sent by W. A. Hazle, State Adjutant General. "The special Soldiers Bonus Board appointed in 1925 only considered applications from men who had not applied in 1921 to 1923, when adjusted compensation was paid to most veterans of the State," writes Mr. Hazle. "The Board did not consider cases that had been previously considered by the original board, and it stopped its operations when the sum appropriated in 1925 had been exhausted.

"There are approximately 200 applications on file at the present time, but there is no money with which to pay them. Claims cannot be paid until a future legislature makes another appropriation, they cannot be paid earlier than April 1, 1933, and payment then can only be made to cases that are on file on January 1st."

Harold P. Redden, Adjutant of the Department of Massachusetts, points out that a reference to exemption of veterans from poll tax in Massachusetts is misleading, since this exemption applied to the war period only and is, of course, not effective now.

The following changes should be made in the list of State Service Officers appearing on page 20 of the special section of the August issue:

Missouri: State Service Officers should appear as Fred Warnick, 723 Medical Arts Building, Kansas City, and Irvin S. Bringes, c/o Veterans Administration, 4030 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis.

Oregon: State Service Officer should appear as Robert C. Dillard, 678 Pittock Block, Portland.

Pennsylvania: To the list of State Service Officers should be added Clark Swengel, c/o Veterans Administration, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Winter Rations

(Continued from page 33)

enabled the District of Columbia Posts to find jobs for men and women who needed them badly. Mr. Rose recommends the plan for use by Posts in all sections of the country.

Oklahoma's Favorite Son

WILL ROGERS, Oklahoma's famous philosopher and humorist, has the travel habits of a grasshopper. He's likely to be any place in the world, if one has lost track of his whereabouts for a week. When he isn't flying about Manchuria, Turkey, Brazil, Japan, England or Hawaii, he can be cornered by fast workers at his ranch in Hollywood, California, near the studios where he plays his film rôles.

When Department Commander Thomas P. Gilmer of Tulsa, Oklahoma, determined it would be a good idea to have Mr. Rogers as the Oklahoma Department's guest at its annual convention in Muskogee, August 28-30, he didn't waste any time in carrying out his plans. Frank Phillips, president of the Phillips Petroleum Company, has placed his Ford tri-motor plane at the disposal of Oklahoma Legionnaires occasionally. In this fancy sky bus, Commander Gilmer and five other Oklahoma Legionnaires casually took off from Tulsa and landed not so many hours later in Will Rogers' aeronautical back yard at Hollywood. They found him very much at home.

Would Mr. Rogers attend the convention at Muskogee? Certainly! That is, provided he wouldn't be busy making a picture, and he hoped he wouldn't.

A Triumph of Training

"AN ORCHESTRA of deaf children is the unusual organization sponsored by U. S. S. Jacob Jones Post of Washington, D. C., the oldest women's post in the Legion," writes Legionnaire Kate K. Briggs. "The post since it formed on May 22, 1919, has done many things to help physically handicapped, and the orchestra for deaf children follows much successful work among blind children. The members of the orchestra attend the Kendall School for the Deaf, a preparatory school connected with Gallaudet College. While the children can't hear, one would not guess their handicap because they have learned to follow perfectly the baton of their leader and to play to the accompaniment of a piano."

Legion Grapevine

IN THE early settlement of the Southwest, the white men pioneers were amazed by the swiftness with which news of distant happenings spread among the Indians. Today in Arizona, where distances are great and towns are separated by deserts, the Arizona Department of The American Legion has built up a system for (Continued on page 62)

NEW LOW PRICES
FREE TUBE ON GOOD YEAR - U.S.
Firestone-Goodrich AND OTHER TIRES
REAL SUPER VALUES
 This old reliable company is first choice with thousands of motorists who demand highest quality at lowest cost. Actual tests on roughest roads prove that standard brand tires constructed by the scientific Midland process deliver 50 to 60% more service. Order today, save money!

| BALLOON TIRES | | Reg. CORD TIRES | |
|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Size | Rim Tires Tubes | Size | Rim Tires Tubes |
| 28x4.40-21 | \$2.30 \$0.55 | 30x3 | \$2.20 \$0.80 |
| 28x4.50-20 | 2.40 .95 | 30x3 1/2 | 2.25 .85 |
| 30x4.50-21 | 2.45 .95 | 31x4 | 2.95 .95 |
| 28x4.75-19 | 2.45 1.00 | 32x4 | 2.95 .95 |
| 28x4.75-20 | 2.50 1.00 | 33x4 1/2 | 3.20 1.35 |
| 29x5.00-19 | 2.95 1.20 | 34x4 1/2 | 3.45 1.35 |
| 29x5.00-20 | 2.95 1.20 | 35x4 1/2 | 3.60 1.50 |
| 29x5.25-19 | 2.95 1.25 | 33x5 | 3.60 1.55 |
| 30x5.25-19 | 2.95 1.25 | | |
| 31x5.25-21 | 3.10 1.30 | | |
| 29x5.50-18 | 3.20 1.30 | | |
| 29x5.50-19 | 3.20 1.30 | | |
| 30x5.00-18 | 3.20 1.30 | | |
| 31x5.00-18 | 3.20 1.30 | | |
| 32x5.00-20 | 3.20 1.35 | | |
| 33x5.00-21 | 3.20 1.35 | | |
| 32x5.50-20 | 3.50 1.55 | | |

Send \$1.00 Deposit with each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. If you send cash in full deduct 5%. You are guaranteed a year's service or replacement at 1/2 price.

MIDLAND TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 2654
 1000-10 West Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Illinois

Make Big Money Biggest Values Lowest Prices
 Our salesmen are making record sales. You too can sell this low-priced leader with Gro-Cord Safety Soles to Gas Stations, Garages, etc. Commissions are biggest paid. Write for free sample and catalog showing complete line of work, sport and dress shoes from \$2.95 to \$9.95. Make money every week.

FREE SAMPLE
 Member Post 35
 Louis C. Vanderstreet, Pres.,
DURA-TEX SHOE COMPANY INC. 70 Center Street
 BROCKTON, MASS.

'SCIENTIFIC MIND-TRAINING'
 OVER 1,000,000 COPIES PUBLISHED!
Now FREE..

... Analyzes Your mental powers ...

—shows what you need for outstanding achievement and financial success!

HERE is one of the most helpful little books ever published. With it thousands have discovered amazing new powers to achieve that they were totally unaware they possessed. With its aid YOU can make a scientific check-up of your forces and handicaps—find out which mental traits are holding you back, which help you get ahead! Also tells how the mind can now be trained and developed, gives complete details of world-successful Pelman system, stories of actual cases, advice of noted world leaders. If you have wondered what holds you back while others forge ahead—send for free copy of "Scientific Mind-Training"—make this scientific check-up of your mental powers—learn the basic principles back of all success. Mail coupon AT ONCE.

PELMAN INSTITUTE, (Suite 1010), 271 North Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Send at once my free copy of "Scientific Mind-Training", showing how I can analyze my mental powers.

My Name.....
 Address.....

FACTORY PRICES
Save You 1/3 to 1/2

Your name on the coupon brings this great Bargain Catalog of Kalamazoo **FACTORY PRICES** that save you 1/3 to 1/2... 200 Styles and Sizes of the newest Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces... Quality famous for 32 years—endorsed by 800,000 satisfied users... Easy Terms—\$5 Down, Year to Pay...

30 Days' FREE Trial
 360 Days Approval Test... \$100,000 Bank Bond Guarantee... 24 Hour Shipments... New Prices... New low priced wood burning Heaters... Beautiful Porcelain Enamel Ranges in sparkling colors... Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges, Coal and Wood Ranges, Gas Stoves, Oil Stoves, Heating Stoves... Lower priced Furnaces—FREE furnace plans... Safe delivery guaranteed from factory, Kalamazoo, Mich., or warehouse, Utica, N. Y., Akron, Ohio.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
 2066 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

RANGES \$39⁸⁵ UP HEATERS \$17⁴⁵ UP
OIL STOVES \$16⁵⁰ UP FURNACES \$52³⁵ UP

MAIL COUPON for New, FREE CATALOG

Indicate below articles in which you are interested.
 Ranges ☐
 Heaters ☐
 Oil Stoves ☐
 Furnaces ☐
 Comb. Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges ☐

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
 Trade Mark Registered

Going to St. Louis?
 New Stop at
Hotel Jefferson
 800 ROOMS
 \$3 to \$7
 The ARISTOCRAT of ST. LOUIS

SELL NEW MEAS-O-MATIC

Unusual Opportunity to Make
 \$10 to \$20 per Day

New, automatic, self-sealing coffee dispenser keeps coffee fresh and full-flavored until used. Prevents stale rancid coffee oils—the cause of headaches, indigestion, and sleeplessness. Cash in on demand for fresh coffee—note extensive publicity. Exclusive, easily demonstrated, only \$2.95. Get details, territory, and special offer!

THE KITCHEN CRAFT CO.
 Div. of West Bend Aluminum Co.
 Dept. B 6 West Bend, Wis.



MAKE MONEY IN NEW OCCUPATION

Local Distributor wanted in every town to earn up to \$100 weekly with nationally known line of 5c. and 10c. counter merchandise. 40 different items to introduce to retailers. Easy plans require no experience.

Write for FREE Equipment. Your money comes in automatically. Selling unnecessary. Steady repeat business. Write today for FREE display of line. Send no money.

WORLD'S PRODUCTS
 Dept. 9002, Spencer, Ind.

PANTS MATCHED
 Don't Throw Away That Coat and Vest!
 Let us match your coat and vest with new trousers tailored to your measure. Save the price of a new suit. Over 100,000 patterns. Mail sample of suit, or your vest which will be returned with FREE Sample for your approval.
 Match Pants Co., 20 W. JACKSON BLVD., Room 1101 E-15 CHICAGO

**SUPPRESSED
 KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES**
 Hidden, denied, but not lost, is the miraculous wisdom of the ancients. Their methods of mental power in achieving SUCCESS and MASTERY IN LIFE are available TO YOU. Write for a FREE copy of the "Wisdom of the Sages" and learn how to receive this rare knowledge. MAKE YOUR LIFE ANEW.
 SCRIBE: RBO
 ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
 SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

USEFUL and HANDY
 A BINDER suitable for preserving your copies of THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY.
 THIS binder is strong, artistic in design, beautifully embossed in gold, and made of blue artificial leather. Binders can be purchased for volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI, XII and XIII. The current volume is No. XIII.
 THE price of this binder is \$1.00 each, postpaid, in the United States. In foreign countries, add to remittance estimated postage.
 THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY
 P. O. Box 1357, Indianapolis, Indiana

**New Adding Machine
 Fits Vest Pocket!**
 Adds, subtracts, multiplies, and divides like \$300 machine—yet it costs only \$2.50. Weighs only 4 ounces. Not a toy—guaranteed for lifetime. Perfectly accurate. Lightning fast. Sells on sight to business men, storekeepers, homes—all who use figures.
 Write at once for Free AGENTS Sample Offer and Money-Making Plan. 100% Profit!
 C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 937, 303 W. Monroe St., Chicago

Winter Rations

(Continued from page 61)

distributing news which beats the mysterious communication methods of the redskins. The Press Association of the Department of Arizona is composed of at least one member in each of the forty-eight Posts of the State, reports Ben Levy of Ajo, founder of the association.

As its main distributing agency, the association uses a page published in each Sunday issue of the *Arizona Republic*, a Phoenix newspaper with a circulation of 39,000. Each correspondent takes pride in getting his stories published on this page. Other newspapers in the State are also giving extensive play to Legion stories. Twice each year the association holds banquets, one in the spring at Phoenix, at which Ward Adams, news editor of the *Republic*, gives the embryo reporters a lot of helpful information, the other in the fall at the department convention city. Each year the Department awards a cup to the Post news officer who has landed the greatest number of stories in print during the year.

Legion Drama

PROVO, Utah, looks to The American Legion to provide it each new Fourth of July with a community pageant. The first Legion Fourth of July celebration in 1928 brought 40,000 persons to a community of 15,000. It was entitled "The Spirit of No Man's Land." Last year Provo Post built upon its previous surpassing achievement and produced "The Spirit of America," a pageant based upon the Preamble to the National Constitution of The American Legion.

"We dramatized in a series of scenes the separate precepts contained in the Preamble," writes Legionnaire George S. Ballif. "The pageant was written by Rev. Nathaniel Charles Wallin, a minister and Legionnaire. Alonzo J. Morley, professor of dramatic art at Brigham Young University, took on the job of directing the general dramatic effects after individual Legionnaires had worked out in detail the scenes based on each clause of the Preamble.

"Ten thousand persons were seated in our great stadium as the sun set over the western mountains on the night of the pageant. In the center of the football arena a unique stage had been erected—with two platforms at different levels. One represented the realm of the ideal; the other stood for the realm of worldly things. Action was continuous. The stage was decorated in brilliant colors, streaming ban-

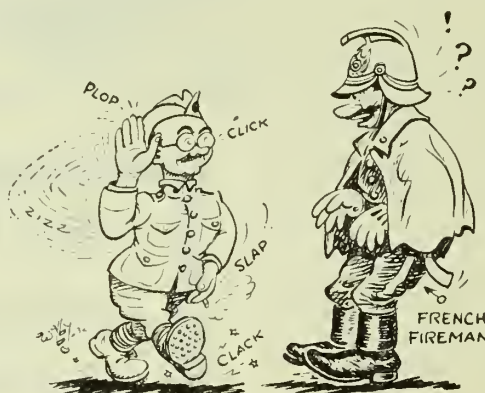
ners. We believe we gave to everybody a new understanding of The American Legion, and we know the crowd was inspired and thrilled.

"Provo Post has copyrighted the pageant to prevent its commercialization but will let any Legion Post produce it without charge. Upon request, we will gladly send a copy of it."

Where History Was Made

SIX Corinthian columns, gray with age, rise in front of a building in Philadelphia's business section. They harmonize with the classic Grecian lines of the two storied structure and seem to proclaim that here is a building which deserves to rank with Independence Hall in the museum city of the Revolutionary War period of our country's history.

The building is the old Girard Bank Building and in it are the headquarters of the Pennsylvania Department of The American Legion. Erected in 1795, it is the oldest building containing a Legion Department headquarters, according to Department Adjutant James J.



Deighan. Anybody wanting to challenge this may deal with Mr. Deighan direct.

The ancient rooms now occupied by the Pennsylvania Department once resounded with the voices of such patriots as Robert Morris, General Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Willing. Willing was first president of the Bank of the United States. In 1811 when Congress refused to renew the charter of the Bank of the United States, Stephen Girard, financier, patriot, merchant and philanthropist, purchased the building and the bank stock, thus restoring financial confidence at a critical time.

Roll Call

Lew Allen, author of "The Road to Monterey," is a member of San Antonio (Texas) Post . . . Arthur Van Vlissingen, Jr., belongs to Lake Bluff (Illinois) Post . . . Rupert Hughes is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post, and Peter B. Kyne belongs to Merced (California) Post . . . National Commander Henry L. Stevens, Jr., is a member of Charles R. Gavin Post of Warsaw, North Carolina . . . F. Trubee Davison is a Legionnaire of Howard A. Van Wagner Post in Locust Valley, Long Island, New York.

PHILIP VON BLON

Down at Sea in Flames

(Continued from page 37)

313TH INF.—Reunion, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 1. A. L. Brown, adjt., Montfaucon Post, A. L., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Lincoln, Nebr., in Oct. C. C. Becker, 1636 Woodview, Lincoln.

138TH INF., Co. L.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 11. J. J. Sullivan, 3856 Florissant av., St. Louis.

363D INF., MED. DET., 91ST DIV.—Proposed history of detachment. Former members requested to send pictures, maps or stories to ex-Capt. Robert R. Reed, 65 Washington st., Morristown, N. J.

66TH F. A. BRIG., 146TH & 147TH F. A.—Proposed second edition of brigade history. Ex-Lt. Wm. R. Wright, RKO bldg., Denver, Colo.

317TH FIELD SIG. BN. ASSOC.—Reunion, New York City, Oct. 15. Henry T. Burbach, 12126-200th st., Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

66TH ENGRS.—To complete roster, former officers and men write to Clyde V. Grant, ex-1st Sgt., Co. D, 2315-21st st., Santa Monica, Calif.

107TH ENGRS., 32D DIV.—14th reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 12. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2200 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

314TH ENGRS., 89TH DIV.—Reunion meeting, Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 15. Effort is also being made to complete roster. Report to Charles S. Stevenson, c/o Hall Bros., Inc., Kansas City.

56TH AND 603D SEARCHLIGHT AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT ENGRS.—Proposed organization and reunion. Louis D. Nickles, 604 Commerce bldg., Milwaukee, Wisc.

M. L. UNITS 335-336-337-338-339-340 and 341.—Proposed reunion. C. E. Stadel, Rand rd., Des Plaines, Ill.

169TH AERO SQRN.—Reunion, State Fair, Dallas, Tex., Oct. 8-23. J. M. Flanagan, Teague, Tex.

496-497TH AERO SQRNS. (formerly 200-201st)—Annual reunion, New York City, Nov. 12. Frank D. Van Valkenburg, 72 Simcoe st., Oyster Bay, N. Y.

826TH AIR SERV. VETS.—Reunion, Hotel Lincoln, New York City, Oct. 1-2. J. D. Shoptaugh, 2587 Atlantic av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., 83D DIV.—Association organized. To complete roster, report to A. G. Vetter, P. O. Box 142, Auburn, Ind.

MOTOR TRUCK CO. 400—Reunion held last June. Members interested in future reunions, write to Hal Becker, Goshen, Ind.

308TH M. P. CGS. A AND B AND HQ. CO.—Reunion meeting, Carter Hotel, Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 22. Eugene A. Anderson, secy., 541 E. 123d st., Cleveland.

NAVY REUNION (men who served at Newport, R. I., and Naval Base 6, Queenstown)—Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 9-13. Dr. R. O. Levell, 1310 1/2 Broad, New Castle, Ind.

GEN. HOSP. No. 1, Gun Hill Rd., New York City—Men interested in proposed organization, write to H. A. Wenige, c/o Clark County Newspapers, Sellersburg, Ind.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—14th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 12. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 8—12th annual reunion, Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C., Oct. 8. Herman C. Idler, secy., 1500 E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

EIGHTH ARMY CORPS, PHILIPPINE VETS.—Report date of 1932 or 1933 reunions, addresses of officers, company roster and short history of 1st to 30th U. S. Volunteers, State Volunteers, Regulars, 26th to 49th U. S. Vols., for historical records of Corps, to George S. Geis, natl. historian, P. O. Box 162, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

110TH ENGRS., Co. E, 35TH DIV.—Lt. L. G. Forsythe, Stable Sgt. William Gross, 1st Sgt. William C. McGee and other men who recall Arthur L. Wilson suffering with broken arch in left foot while in La Rouville, France, Dec., 1918.

3D TRNG. BN., Co. B, SIGNAL CORPS, Camp Meade, Md.—Capt. Iva A. Ramsey (Tenn.), Sgt. Hoaglund (S. D. or Nebr.), Francis Reynolds (Ind.) and others who recall injury suffered by Lawrence T. Wick, Oct. 10, 1918.

WALTON, Francis David. Missing. Served in Navy during war; re-enlisted Mar. 16, 1925, failed to return from shore leave from U. S. S. *Galveston* at Balboa, C. Z., Sept. 23, 1928, and declared deserter. Wife thinks he may have been drowned accidentally. Wife and small daughter need assistance.

WALLIN, Frederick, veteran, died in May, 1932. Efforts being made to locate Oscar Wallin and Newton Wallin, brothers, former of Hildreth, Nebr. Both foreign born.

59TH INF., Co. A, 4TH DIV.—1st Lts. Edw. E. Buzby and Clyde W. Lovell and others who recall

Maxwell TUCKER suffering disabilities account gas, hand grenade and shell explosion.

315TH SUP. TRN., Co. F, 90TH DIV.—Lutten Persie FLOYEAL and others who recall John J. TOBIN injuring back while loading trucks at Bitberg, Germany.

23D INF., Co. B, 2D DIV.—Capt. Willis R. SLAUGHTER and other officers and men recalling Sgt. Charley SMITH being gassed in Verdun sector, and wounded at Château-Thierry, July 6, 1918.

SHEARER, Valentine E., 6ft., light brown wavy hair, gray eyes; in poor health for 11 years and mind failing. Left wife and several children in destitute circumstances in Lacombe, Fla., Jan. 3, 1929. Last heard from in Springfield, Ore., about Mar. 12, 1931, in company with one W. O. BURCH. Reported in quest of homestead land.

SCOTHERN, Joseph L., veteran, missing since 1924, when he left Maywood, Nebr.

PEARL, John Philip, pvt., U. S. Marine Corps. Born Apr. 27, 1899, Clifton Forge, Va. Missing from home in Thurmond, W. Va., since May 21, 1923.

161ST DEP. BRIG., 36TH CO., 9TH TRNG. BN., Camp Grant, Ill.—Former comrades, Sept. 7-27, 1918, who recall Carl A. ROEN contracting bronchial trouble and put on K. P. for several days, and later suffering back injury. Especially two men who helped him to infirmary. Later transferred to Camp Hancock, Ga., suffering with flu and entered hospital upon arrival.

AMERICAN RED CROSS MILITARY HOSP. No. 6, Bellevue, Seine-et-Oise, France—Gas patients, especially a tall man from Texas who was in same room with Sgt. Placide RODRIGUEZ, Co. B, 5th M. G. Bn., 2d Div., and also nurse, to assist Rodriguez with claim.

USMC NAVY YARD GUARD, Puget Sound, Wash., 1917, and USNRF TRNG. CAMP, U. of W., Seattle, Wash.—Men on firing line at small arms range who recall ear injury suffered by Pvt. Harold RAMSLEY, when rifle was discharged, Puget Sound. Also men who recall Seaman 2d Harold RAMSLEY being detailed on range duty while suffering from effects of inoculation, resulting fever and heart disability during summer of 1918.

53D F. A., Hq. Co.—Harry SHAEFFER, Sterling YOUNGQUIST and others who recall 1st Sgt. Harry D. PEARY being kicked by horse at Camp Travis, Tex., summer of 1918.

DETENTION UNIT (D), NAVAL OPERATING BASE, Hampton Roads, Va., Apr.-June, 1918—Chief petty officer (old timer from Philippines) and others who recall C. M. PATTEE being overcome with heat while at drill, and taken to Base sick bay. Developed tuberculosis.

5TH ENGRS., Co. E, attached to 7TH DIV.—Cpl. Millard F. NEWBERRY (Okla.), Cpl. KNEPPER and others who recall Pvt. Clarence E. PARSLEY being gassed near Thourcourt (Thiaucourt?). Now has tuberculosis.

16TH INF., Co. H—Men recalling John ORAW being gassed Oct. 5, 1918; or men of CAS. DET. No. 181 who recall him being treated as gas patient.

NAV. TRNG. STA., Mare Island, Calif., Sept. or Oct., 1918—Grady LEWIS, William A. KRENCK, DAVIS and others who recall Volvie F. MULKEY falling from hammock, injuring neck and right arm. Upper deck of B-1 or B-2 barracks. Sick bay record missing.

60TH ART., BTRY. B, C. A. C.—Men who recall Mont M. MASSEY suffering heart trouble, Dec., 1919, and receiving treatment at Air Co. infirmary. After return to outfit, marked quarters for two weeks.

U. S. S. *Virginia*—Joyce, DUGGY, Leonard J. RIFFLE, Henry W. DRURY, John C. ROSS, Theodore STOCK, Ole B. VIKRE, John TIBBETTS, and others who recall Fireman 2d Roy L. MACCONNELL suffering from ear injury, blood running from ear, account concussion from 5-in. gun during target practice in Tangier Sound. MacConnell was later chief yeoman in log-room.

MCLELLAN, Donald Eugene, Co. A, 2d Bn., and 7th Co., 29th ENGRS., A. E. F. Height 5 ft. 11 in., 185 lbs., gray eyes, gray hair. Disappeared from U. S. Vet. Hosp. No. 94, American Lake, Wash., May 30, 1930. Father died last May. Brother is seeking him.

U. S. N. Co. B-3 and NAV. HOSP., Mare Island, Calif.—York, DEVINE and others who recall L. E. LOWRY being patient with mumps during Apr., 1917. 24th Co., C. A. C., Ft. McKinley, Me., 1910-1913—Former comrades can assist Lewis R. LOVETT in establishing claim.

U. S. S. *Westover*—Former officers and crew of this ship which was torpedoed July 11, 1918, to assist Stanley Walter KRIEGER, survivor who was made deaf and suffered shock and exposure, to establish claim. Also list of names and addresses of the eleven officers and men who were lost.

151ST M. G. Bn., Co. D, 42d DIV.—Russell H. DUDLEY and others who recall foot disability suffered by Joe F. KILPATRICK.

KILEY, James Henry, Amb. Co. No. 358, at Camp Travis, Tex., and in A. E. F. Missing. Information regarding whereabouts needed in connection with claim.

CUMPRICH, John J., pvt., Co. A, 49th Inf., served as cook. Missing for past three years and 75-year-old mother is in need of aid. Information regarding him, whether dead or alive, is desired.

BUMKIN ISLAND TRNG. STA., U. S. NAVY, Boston Harbor—Buglers CAMPBELL, HANSON and Lester W. EARLY, and others who recall Frederick B. GRIMES being sent to sick bay with stomach trouble during Aug., 1917.

17TH CAV., TROOP C—Former members who recall Joe GARCIA sustaining injury to right eye account being struck by shoe. (Continued on page 64)

FREE! FREE!
TIRE GAUGE

WITH EACH ORDER FOR 2 TIRES
NOW-TAKE TIRE PRESSURE THROUGH SIDE WALL OF TIRE

SAVE ON TIRES

12 MONTH WRITTEN GUARANTEE
SEND EACH WITH EACH TIRE

Now LOW PRICES ON GOOD YEAR, GOODRICH-U.S.-FIRESTONE FISK AND OTHER TIRES

LOWEST Prices on Earth!
Thousands of satisfied tire users all over the U.S.A. will vouch for the LONG, HARD SERVICE, under severest road conditions of our standard brand tires constructed by the ORIGINAL SECRET YORK PROCESS. To introduce this genuine tire value to you, this is a special sale. Company offers, ABSOLUTELY FREE a modern tire gauge with each 2 tires ordered—now take pressure through side wall of tire in BUSINESS makes it possible to offer tires at LOWEST PRICES in history. Guaranteed to give 12 months' service

Don't Delay - Order Today

| CORD TIRES | | BALLOON TIRES | |
|------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| Size | Tires Tubes | Size | Tires Tubes |
| 30x3 | \$1.90 \$0.75 | 32x4 | \$2.40 \$2.00 |
| 30x3 1/2 | 1.95 0.85 | 29x4 1/2 | 2.10 0.95 |
| 32x3 1/2 | 2.70 0.90 | 30x4 1/2 | 2.15 0.95 |
| 31x4 | 2.75 0.95 | 29x4 1/2 | 2.15 1.00 |
| 32x4 | 2.75 0.95 | 29x4 1/2 | 2.25 1.00 |
| 33x4 | 2.75 0.95 | 30x4 1/2 | 2.50 1.10 |
| 34x4 | 2.95 1.10 | 31x5 | 2.50 1.10 |
| 32x4 1/2 | 2.95 1.25 | 30x5 | 2.60 1.20 |
| 33x4 1/2 | 2.95 1.25 | 31x5 1/2 | 2.65 1.25 |
| 34x4 1/2 | 3.25 1.45 | 31x5 1/2 | 2.95 1.25 |
| 35x5 | 3.25 1.45 | 32x6 | 2.95 1.30 |
| 36x6 | 3.25 1.45 | 32x6 1/2 | 3.00 1.35 |
| | | 33x6 1/2 | 3.20 1.40 |
| | | 34x6 1/2 | 3.20 1.40 |

All Other Sizes 31x5.00 2.95 1.30
32x6.00 3.20 1.35
33x6.00 3.20 1.35
34x6.00 3.20 1.35
35x6.00 3.20 1.35
36x6.00 3.20 1.35

DEALERS WANTED
Send only \$1.00 deposit with each tire ordered. We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 percent if cash in full accompanies order. TUBES BRAND NEW - GUARANTEED
Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 2348
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

GIVE AWAY FREE

SHIRTS TIES HOSIERY UNDERWEAR

Earn Big Pay This New Way
Get orders easily giving away one garment FREE with every three. America's greatest selling plan. Big Cash pay starts at once. \$25.00 cash bonuses—40 per cent. cash profit-sharing. Write for complete sample line TODAY.

Carlton Mills, Inc. Dept. 308-R
79 Fifth Avenue N. Y. C.

Learn Radio in 10 Weeks

TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES

Prepare for jobs in Service Work, Broadcasting, Talking Pictures, Television, Wireless, etc., by ten weeks of practical shop work in the great Coyne Radio Shop. Free Encyclopedia, Write today for our Big Free Radio and Television Book. Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 72-1A 500 South Paulina Street Chicago, Illinois

BE A PASSENGER TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

Railway and Bus—Big Opportunity

ACTIVE MEN—19 to 55—needed now. S.B.T.L. graduates are in demand as Railway and Bus Passenger Traffic Inspectors. Travel or remain near home; meet high officials. On completion of a few weeks' home study, we place you in a position at \$120 to \$150 per month up, plus expenses, to start, or refund tuition. Many graduates have gone on to important executive positions. Write for Free Booklet. STAN- DARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE, Div. 2410, Buffalo, N. Y.

Does Your Mirror Reflect Rough Pimply Skin?

Then Use CUTICURA

And Have a Clear Skin!

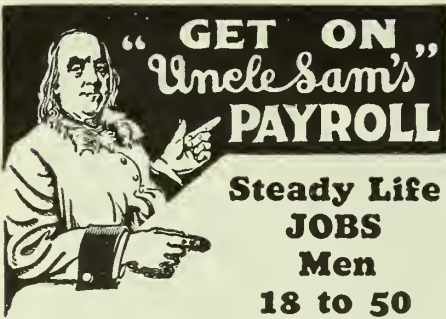
Price 25c. each. Sample free.
Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 8B, Malden, Mass.

Now It's Easy to Organize a Drum Corps

PUT your post in limelight
at conventions and celebrations. Boost year 'round attendance. Get new members with thrilling martial music. Organize a drum corps with aid of valuable new Leedy booklet "The Roll-Off"—42 pages of information answers all organization and equipment problems. Shows all drum major signals. Scores of interesting photos and much historical data. Sent FREE to Legion members. No obligation. Write for your copy now.

Leedy Mfg Co.,
1001 Leedy Bldg.
Elkhart, Ind.

Send for Free Booklet



“GET ON” “Uncle Sam’s” PAYROLL

**Steady Life
JOBS
Men
18 to 50**

**\$1260 to \$3400
A YEAR**

PICK YOUR JOB

Ex-Service Men Get Preference

The lifting of the depression will open hundreds of Government Jobs. Get ready now.

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS

Railway Postal Clerks get \$1,900 the first year, being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, \$79.17 each pay day. Their pay is quickly increased, the maximum being \$2,700 a year. \$112.50 each pay day.



Travel On “Uncle Sam’s” Pay Roll

Railway Postal Clerks, on long runs, usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty their pay continues just as though they were working. They travel on a pass when on business. When they grow old, they are retired with a pension.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS

Clerks and Carriers now commence at \$1,700 a year and increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300.

IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR—CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Salary \$2,100 to \$3,300. Work connected with Immigration and Customs examination for incoming passengers from foreign countries.

IS YOUR JOB STEADY?

Compare these conditions with your present or your prospective condition, perhaps changing positions frequently, no chance in sight for PERMANENT employment; frequently out of a position and the year's average salary very low. DO YOU GET \$1,900 EVERY YEAR? HAVE YOU ANY ASSURANCE THAT A FEW YEARS FROM NOW YOU WILL GET \$2,100 TO \$2,700 A YEAR?



YOU CAN GET THEM

Experience is usually unnecessary and political influence is not permitted. Let us show you how.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS

Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now, at once.
This investment of three cents for a postage stamp may result in your getting a Government Job.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,
Dept. B183, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me entirely free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Free copy of 32-page book, “How to Get a Steady U. S. Government Job”; (3) A list of Post depression U. S. Government Jobs; (4) Tell me all about preference given to ex-service men.

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Postal Clerk | (\$1,900-\$2,700) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Post Office Clerk | (\$1,700-\$2,300) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> City Mail Carrier | (\$1,700-\$2,100) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rural Mail Carrier | (\$2,100-\$3,400) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clerk at Washington, D. C. | (\$1,260-\$2,500) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Immigrant Inspector | (\$2,100-\$3,000) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inspector of Customs | (\$2,100-\$3,300) |
- (This year—one month vacation without pay.)

Name

Address

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It.

Down at Sea in Flames

(Continued from page 63)

57TH ART., BTRY. A, C. A. C.—Marinus DeBree and other men who recall John C. Francis, Pvt., suffering shell shock when he exploded while he and a comrade were going to fill canteens with water, in Argonne Forest. Francis recalls having gone to Rockford, Ill., to deliver bible to the mother and sister of a deceased comrade and report his death. Francis is mentally disabled.

F. A. R. D., Hq. BTRY., Camp Taylor, Ky.—Capt. BULLING, 1st Sgt. LEACH, Fred HAZARD, PARKS, APPEL, KINNEY, ANDERSON and other men who recall injury to Willis A. DRIES account being struck in face with hot grease while delivering mail to one of the cooks, 1918. Received treatment at regimental infirmary. Now suffering with cancerous growth on face and eyelids. Sgt. LEACH was with DRIES in Troop H, 7th Cav., in Philippines before World War. 329TH INF., Co. C—Lt. France J. CLUXE, AL. C., SHAY, Y. M. C. A. man, and others who recall George W. DEALL receiving treatment at a venereal camp near Le Mans, France.

CROSS, Brady M., Pvt., Co. D, 147th Inf., 37th Div., 5 ft. 3½ in., 140 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Glass worker. Admitted to Massillon (Ohio) State Hosp., Feb. 7, 1923. Disappeared after release and has been missing nine years. Wife and child want information regarding him.

MED. DET., 47TH ENGIS., and 40TH Co., R. T. C.—Sgt. PERRINE, CULPEPPER and others who recall broken arch suffered by Colon M. CLYATT while at Liffol-le-Grande, France, May, 1919, while preparing to return home. Placed in charge of baggage detail so he would not have to hike.

1101ST AERO REPT. SQDR., Colombey-les-Belles, France (9TH AIR SERV. CAS. Co.)—Men who recall George F. DAHL, casual from a Balloon Hq. Co., and his inability to walk during Apr.-May, 1919. Also camp doctor who treated him.

347TH M. G. BN., Co. A, 91st Div.—Men who recall injury to right knee and side sustained by Pvt. Albert L. CLEBOSKY while on hike, Camp Merritt, N. J., about June 27, 1918.

LAFAYETTE RABO STATION, Croix de Hins, France—LT. Comdr. SWEET, Capt. COOK, Lt. FANNING, BALDWIN and BURKELL and camp doctors who recall George W. CHASE having been sent to Pauillac air station for dental treatment, which he failed to receive, July 10, 1918. Also visit on July 22d to civilian dentist at Bordeaux, on authority Lt. Fanning, where ulcerated tooth was extracted. Chase suffered also with lumbago and received treatment from camp doctor. In sick bay eleven days on transport Zeeland on return voyage.

SPRUCE PRODUCTION DIV., Vancouver Barracks, Wash.—Sergeant from Michigan, yard foreman on shift with Inspectors GOODDELL, CHICK and CHAPMAN (Lt. PETERSON in charge), who took Edward R. CHAPMAN to hospital night of May 31, 1918, when log rolled off truck at cut-up place.

1TH CAV., TROOP C—Capt. LARSON, Capt. EBEE, Sgt. BOLLING, Sgt. LAIRD, Pvt. BURNELL and others who recall ptomaine poisoning suffered by Frank Bozic near Nanequipa and Casas Grande, Mexico, during June, 1916. Was taken in wagon to 24th Inf. Hosp.

146TH INF., Co. I, 37TH DIV.—Capt. WEAVER, Sgt. BAILEY and others who recall Victor BOROKOSKI suffering with kidney and bladder trouble and receiving first aid from medical officers, Sept.-Oct. 1918, in Belgium.

CAMP DEWEY, GRT. LAKES NAV. TRNG. STA.—Hospital corpsmen and guards who recall Alfred H. BLOOMSTER falling out of a hammock and taken to sick bay about Sept. 1, 1918.

43D ART., BTRY. A, C. A. C.—Men, including Sgt. JACOBS, who recall explosion of gun No. 3, Nov. 1, 1918, during Argonne drive, to assist George BLOCK with disability claim.

U. S. S. DESTROYER WATERS—Dr. KROPP, J. TOWEND, TUCKER, P. MOORE, L. S. ROBINSON, A. J. READ, CHEVALEZ, A. H. HOOD, R. V. FISTERE, W. J. THOMAS, G. M. LONG, R. BLAKE, and others who recall nerve, eye and throat trouble suffered by Estille C. BISHOP while in barracks at Philadelphia Navy Yard awaiting commissioning of the WATERS.

BENNETT, William E., veteran, formerly of Newcastle, Wyo., and Ft. Collins, Colo. Missing. Worked with Texaco refinery at Cody, Wyo., and was to go to Spokane, Wash. Wife is dead and his four children are left destitute.

115TH F. A., BTRY. C or D—Isiah TREHARY, after discharge from army, enlisted in Marine Corps at Atlanta, Ga., honorably discharged, re-enlisted Jan. 18, 1922, at Kansas City, Mo., and has been absent without authority since May 4, 1922. Dark hair and eyes, 5 ft. 9 in., 200 lbs. Widowed mother in need.

303D F. S. BN., Co. C, 78TH DIV.—Men who recall injury to elbow suffered by Albert TERHELL while wrestling with a fellow soldier on a tile floor at Menotey, France. Also fellow wrestler whose first name was GEORGE.

316TH INF., Co. L, 79TH DIV.—N. C. O.'s ROSS and JOHNSON and other men who recall Albert GORNON being injured Oct. 10, 1918, in Meuse-Argonne offensive. Claims he was unconscious when carried back to same hospital.

144TH INF., Hq. Co. SIG. BN.—Lt. STILES, Cpls. HARRIS, BOBO and DITTO, Joe BELT, LOBBES and others who recall heavy beam falling on head of W. R. McELHANEY, Sept. 10, 1918, at Ville-sur-Terre, causing injury to neck, while he was teaching radio class.

22D INF., M. G. Co., Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.—Former members who recall disability suffered by Pvt. Edgar T. QUALEY.

168TH INF., 42n DIV.—Robert FOOTE (Ohio), Harold (Harry) GASKIN (W. Va.), and others who recall disability suffered by John D. HOVATTER during Meuse-Argonne offensive, latter part of Oct., 1918, account falling into shell hole while carrying ammunition.

59TH INF., Co. E—Officers and men who recall Pvt. Frederick H. GOSTLING being gassed during Champagne-Marne offensive, July, 1918, and sent to Hosp. No. 20, also hospitalized for about four weeks with flu at time of Armistice; also patient in hospital in Germany, late winter or spring of 1919, with mumps.

12TH M. G. BN., Co. B, 4TH DIV.—Capt. HOLT, Lt. WOOD, 1st Sgt. ST. JOHN, Sgt. PRIOR, Cooks SMITH, FROST and HILBURN, Pvt. COLLINS and others who recall disability suffered in service by Mess Sgt. Claude H. CORNELL.

319TH H. F. A., BTRY. C and D, 82d Div.—Capt. STRAWBRIDGE and Pvt. SYLVESTER of BTRY. C, Lt. HAMMER, BTRY. D, and others who recall head injury suffered by Michael C. HILL when he fell off troop train just after leaving tunnel between La Courtiere and Villa Vahn, France, Aug. 26, 1918.

55TH INF., Co. C, 7TH DIV., and 287TH M. P. Co. (Antwerp, Belgium)—Former comrades who recall disability suffered by William V. BENNETT.

HULDEEN, John. Discharged Aug. 11, 1919, seaman, 2cl. Failed to return home to Kansas City, Kan. Last heard of in 1920 in St. Louis.

LEVINE, Barney, Sgt., 7th Co., 152d Depot Brig. Jewish descent, 35 yrs. old, 5 ft. 2 in., stout, blonde and blue eyes. Native of London, Eng. Disappeared from home in Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1924.

OVINGTON, Robert. Wagoner, Co. G, 16th Ammun. Trn. Missing from home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, since June 1, 1920, when he left to obtain position with construction company.

POTTHOFF, Leo Joseph. 2d Lt., Air Serv. Born Jan. 18, 1891, in Pennsylvania. Disappeared from Los Angeles, Calif., Dec., 1920, while employed by Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.

SCOTT, Harvey Sherman. Wagoner, Co. F, 213th Engr. Trn. Farm laborer. Missing since Aug. 17, 1921.

SPICHER, Loyd Charles. Pvt., Co. F, 165th Inf. Missing since May 27, 1924, when he was visiting brother in Ingham County, Mich.

61ST ART., BTRY. A, C. A. C.—Sgt. COOK and other men of detail unloading flour sacks at St. Nazaire, France, on Sunday early in Aug., 1918, who remember back injury suffered by John E. LARSON.

FIRE CONTROL SCHOOL, Is-sur-Tille, Cote D'Or, France, 1918-9—Lt. BALLINGER and other officers and men who recall Pvt. 1cl Nicholas P. VIOLA suffering from stomach ulcers, pleurisy, sinus and nervous condition during service, for which he was hospitalized at Mehun, France, 1919.

12TH INF., Co. C, ARMY SUPPLY BASE, Norfolk, Va.—Sgt. Thomas H. WELLS, Ward W. MAHOLE, Pvt. Clay W. LONG, Sgt. OWENS, 1st Sgt. Peter ANDERSON and others who recall Walter B. GRANNES suffering severely with flat feet, causing him to be transferred to fire company as company clerk. Discharged at Newport News, Va., because of foot condition.

168TH INF., Co. A, 42n DIV.—Cpl. DUSENBERRY and other officers and men who recall Louis Di LUCCA being sent behind the lines from St. Mihiel sector, Sept. 21, 1918, suffering from bronchial pneumonia and slightly gassed when left in hole night before while with engineers on barbed wire detail. Crawled back to first aid station and regained consciousness thirteen days later in Base Hosp. No. 3, near Bordeaux.

40TH INF., Co. A, 14TH DIV., CAMP CUSTER, Mich.—1st Sgt. Mike LANNEN, Cpl. Joe E. HECK, Pvt. Clark LAKIN and others who recall James A. SERR being ill with influenza in company hospital, and upon transfer of hospital to Y. M. C. A. building Serr suffered relapse. Confined to quarters about two weeks after discharge from hospital.

53D INF., Co. C—N. C. CALDWELL, Earl CALDWELL, John W. CROULE, Dewey CANNON, W. L. SMITH, Joseph JOHNSON, Charles TELMAN, Alfred CUMMINS and others who recall Allen D. Dixon receiving injury to spine when covered with sandbags during enemy barrage in defensive sector, Sept., 1918; also suffering with flu Oct., 1918, and sent to Base Hosp. No. 36, Vernal, France.

CAMP No. 4, STEVEDORE CO., ST. NAZAIRE, France—Comrades who recall Lawrence BEINEMA losing his hearing account weather conditions, and being sent to hospital for three months.

172D Co., 1ST BN., 14TH REGT., MARINE CORPS—Comrades who recall deafness of William L. STAGNER, due to flu.

AIRCRAFT ACCEPTANCE PARK No. 2, Hendon and Crickwood, Eng.—Former members can assist Sgt. Frank M. ESTELLE with claim.

59TH INF., Co. H, 4TH DIV.—P. W. JONES and other men of company about Oct. 3, 1918, who remember E. D. PARKS.

250TH M. P. Co.—G. SPAR, PAR, LOGAN and other men working in restricted area or at docks at Rochefort, France, who recall William H. KRAUTH being sick and sent to temporary hospital near the prisoner of war stockade.

WAGON CO. No. 4, AUX. REMOUNT STA. No. 18, Ft. Bliss, Tex.—Joel KEEL, Warren E. ALFORD, Newton WILLIAMS, Joseph P. SUSA and others can assist R. A. SCHENKENBERGER with claim.

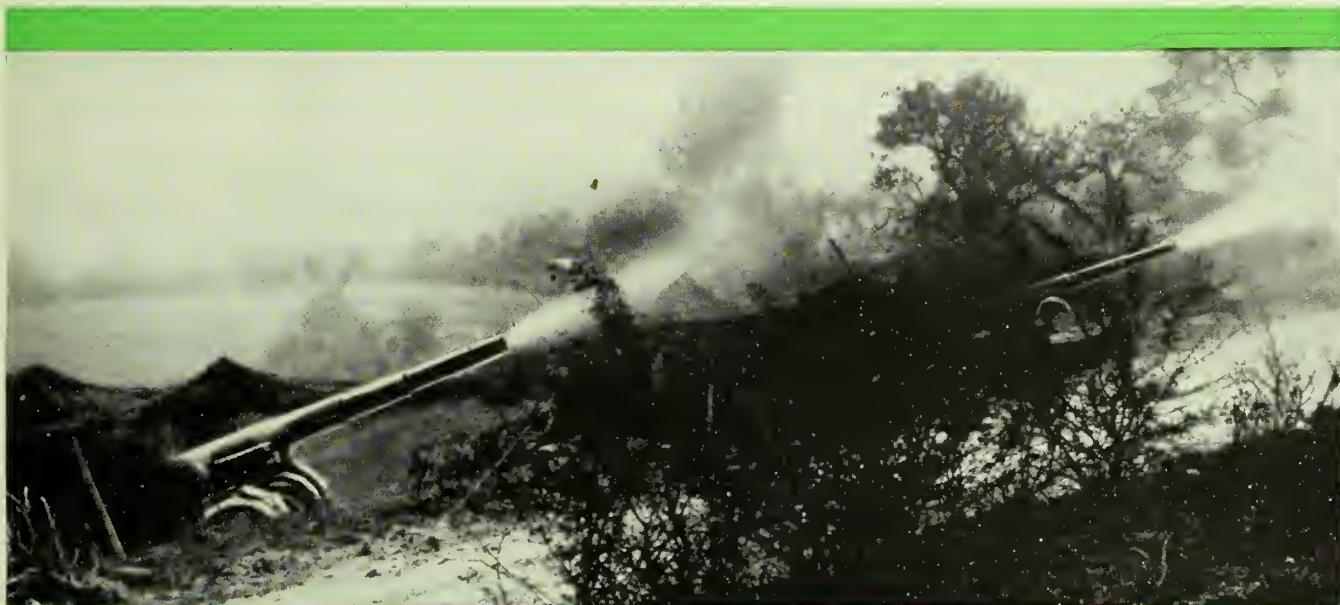
JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

"IF IT'S CITIES SERVICE . . . IT HAS TO BE GOOD"

When the guns roared in the ARGONNE

*A vivid picture of the memorable 47-day Meuse-Argonne battle which started on September 26, 1918,
and lasted until the morning of the Armistice, November 11.*



CITIES SERVICE had been refining and perfecting petroleum products for 56 years

In 1862—fifty-six years before that never-to-be-forgotten Battle of the Meuse-Argonne—a company, now a Cities Service subsidiary, began to refine and perfect today's better oils and gasolenes.

These long years of experience, coupled with constant research, are responsible for the unquestionably high and uniform products sold under the Cities Service

emblem *today* . . . When you buy oil, grease or gasoline produced by Cities Service you buy tried and proved products—products of veteran manufacturers whose experience dates back to the very founding of the petroleum industry. That is why it is always safe to make a Cities Service station or dealer the headquarters for your petroleum needs.

CITIES SERVICE PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

CITIES SERVICE GASOLENE, OIL AND GREASE : KOOLMOTOR GASOLENE, OIL AND GREASE



ONCE - ALWAYS

Cities Service—one of America's ten largest industrial organizations—broadcasts Fridays, 8 P.M. (E. S. T.), over WEAJ and 32 associated N. B. C. stations.

NEVER PARCHED—NEVER TOASTED

CAMELS are always FRESH!

Switch to Camels and learn the mildness of a fresh, cool-burning cigarette. A blend of choice Turkish and mellow, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are never parched or toasted. That's why we say smoke them for one day, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*



Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against sweat, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

